

# The Nation.

VOL. IV.—NO. 97.

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1867.

FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM  
TWELVE CENTS PER COPY.

## CONTENTS.

THE WEEK.....	365	Independence in Politics.....	374
NOTES:		Confiscation .....	375
Literary .....	368	The Last Backslider.....	376
Mr. Longfellow's Translation of the Divine Comedy.....	369	African Romance.....	377
Long's Decline of the Roman Republic.....	370	A French Sketch of an American Girl.....	378
The National Poem of Sweden.....	371	FINE ARTS:	
Notes on the New Edition of Webster.....	373	Forty-Second Exhibition of the National Academy of Design.....	379
EDITORIAL ARTICLES:		"The Domes of the Yo Semite".....	379
The Eight-Hour Muddle.....	374	CORRESPONDENCE:	
		School and College Reform.....	380
		Tariff on Books.....	380

Five Dollars per annum, in advance; Six months, Three Dollars; Forty Dollars to Clubs of Ten; Clergymen, Four Dollars. When delivered by Carrier in New York, Fifty Cents additional.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, with or without further reminder from this office.

Subscribers going abroad can have their paper sent to any address.

GEORGE STREET, 30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C., AGENT FOR THE RECEIPT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. L. GODKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

## The Week.

MR. STANBERY has replied in the Mississippi injunction case in an argument remarkable for its power, and remarkable also for the purity and conciseness of its diction. He summed up admirably the leading points against the jurisdiction of the court, the insufficiency of the parties, the purely political character of the controversy, and the absolute powerlessness of the court as against Congress in any case in which, as in this, Congress has the people at its back.

JEFFERSON DAVIS has at last obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, and there is little doubt now that the Government will produce him in obedience to it, and possibly go through the form of making arrangements for his trial; but there is very little likelihood that he will ever be tried, or that, if tried, he would be convicted. If it be, as we suppose it is, necessary to try him in Virginia, there would be no more chance of getting a jury to find him guilty, unless it were carefully packed with loyalists, than there would be of getting a jury of Fenians to find "President" Roberts guilty of violating the neutrality laws. Moreover, there is no reason either for trying him or not trying him now which did not exist two years ago, so that whether he is tried or discharged the Government stands convicted either of neglect of duty or of oppression. A more lamentable failure of justice there is not upon record. The South has failed in many things, but in one thing it has been successful. It has sent a million of men to the field to commit the offense of treason, as the Constitution defines it; but we have not been able in a single case to procure a solemn judicial decision that any treason whatever has been committed by anybody.

WHETHER or not Mr. Wilson, when he spoke in Charleston, had heard Mr. Stevens's last utterance about confiscation and had not heard the comments of the press upon it, we do not know, but he seems to have thought it best to say a word on the subject himself, and next to saying nothing has said perhaps as sensible a thing as was possible.

He should vote for a measure of confiscation, he said, if there was any tyrannical endeavor on the part of the planters to prevent their laborers voting the Republican ticket. The point he intended to make was doubtless this, that gross tyranny by planters over negroes could be punished by a Congress which had not yet got its hands off the South. But talk of confiscation nowadays is very like talking nonsense.

JUDGE UNDERWOOD has delivered a charge at Richmond to the grand jury which we venture to say has no equal in the annals of justice for mellifluousness and irrelevancy. After giving a horrible account of the character of the rebellion, he drew a still more horrible picture of Richmond as it was, from which it appears that the pulpits in that city before the war were occupied by "full-fed, gay Lotharios"—most of the children were "illegitimate;" "the past" of the city he pronounced "atheistic," and expressed the hope that "its material and moral future" "would be brought into harmony with the salubrity of its climate, the poetic beauty of its scenery, and the magnificence of its water-power!" He then passed on to a eulogy on Thaddeus Stevens, whom he rated "above Clay, Fox, Pitt, and Cicero," and after a glowing eulogy on his confiscation schemes, came down in one flop to the every-day, useful topic of the exclusion of negroes from the street-cars, which he dismissed in one sentence. Of Judge Underwood's legal abilities we know nothing; his loyalty it is impossible to doubt; but we are quite sure that the cause both of justice and good government would be served if the fountains of his eloquence could be sealed up.

THE President has established such a shockingly bad character as a pardoner of the meanest and most dangerous classes of criminals, that it is not wonderful that his releasing Solomon Kohnstamm has provoked much abuse. It would be fairer to say that it has provoked much fault-finding, for Mr. Johnson having kept silence as to his reasons for pardoning the man, severe criticism of his action was no more than right. Kohnstamm had no less than forty-eight indictments against him when, having been tried on one of them, he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment; and his frauds upon the Government were so enormous, and his system of corrupting the officers of the Pay Department so successful, that a magistrate of so great authority and so high character as Judge Nelson said to him that, after hearing the evidence in the case, one might almost come to the conclusion that the disbursing officers of the Government in the city of New York were established for the payment not of genuine, but of fraudulent claims. It is said, however, that the President has had the matter under advisement two years; that eminent lawyers have assured him that Kohnstamm was convicted, as the District-Attorney afterward confessed, quite as much because the Government wanted somebody convicted as because he was guilty; that merchants of the very highest standing have petitioned for his pardon, declaring that, in a business life of many years, he had always been found upright; and finally, it was reported to Mr. Johnson that the chief witnesses against Kohnstamm were disreputable men who afterwards contradicted their testimony. Moreover, four years of the ten have been served out. Let it be true or untrue that Kohnstamm was unpatriotic, a suborner of perjury, and a swindler to an almost appalling amount, it seems to be certain that Mr. Johnson has not pardoned him in exactly the same way that he pardons ordinary counterfeiters.

MR. COLFAX was received by the Union League Club of this city at the club-house on Monday evening, and in his speech expressed his regret that Mr. Sumner's proposition to make the provision of free

schools one of the conditions of reconstruction was not adopted. If Mr. Sumner had made his proposition a year sooner, we have no doubt it would have been adopted; but, like a good many other good things, it was kept back until its production looked like a mere attempt at delay and obstruction. We share Mr. Colfax's hope that the Southern States will voluntarily provide means of education for the poor, but we fear they will not do it as soon as they might have been made to do it, and as it is desirable they should do it.

IN Philadelphia and Baltimore the horse-car has played a prominent part in religion and morals. Further south it has entered the domain of politics. A colored orator of Mobile has announced that, henceforth, the right to ride in a horse-car is to be considered a political and not a social right. It is to be like the right to a state-room in steamboats, or to go to the table when the first bell rings. In New Orleans the negroes, acting on this principle—and we do not know why it is not a good principle to act upon—refuse to ride in the cars which are provided specially for their use, or rather, they insist on free entry into all the cars, and there have been similar disturbances in Richmond and Charleston. The *Lynchburg Republican*, we observe, declares that an attempt to keep four millions of American citizens armed with the ballot out of the street-cars, is preposterous and must necessarily fail. The fact is that horse-cars will never run in Lynchburg; the editor is in a position to counsel such Southerners as are blessed with level ground. It would be wrong, however, to press this point, for in Charleston, we believe, the concession which *The Republican* advises has been made. In Richmond, certain gentlemen, who had been reduced by the war to the position of street-car conductors, have resigned rather than collect fares of negro passengers, and certain delighted negroes admitted to the white men's cars are said to have ridden up and down in them all day; but, as for the former, the Emperor of Brazil has abolished slavery in his dominions, and there is no place of retirement for gentlemen who cannot "accept the situation," and as for the latter, negroes can ride in horse-cars in Philadelphia and New York, and it is no easier for a colored man than an uncolored to earn his bread by perpetual excursions in horse-cars. A very little sense and justice will settle the question, and it is as good as settled now.

THE Anti-Slavery Association held its anniversary meeting on Monday, and adopted a long string of resolutions couched in a more hopeful vein than usual, but declaring the present condition of affairs to be, as regards the freedmen, most critical, accusing Congress of relapsing into its old habits of corrupt bargaining, and warning the negroes against political alliance with their old masters, and closing with a shot at Governor Eyre and his aiders and abettors amongst the English aristocracy. The orator of the day was of course Wendell Phillips, who supplied nearly all the interest of the occasion. The association now holds out for a constitutional amendment securing the suffrage to the negroes, which is desirable, but which, it is to be feared, we are not likely to get at present, and this once secured, we presume the weary body would rest from its labors. Colonel Higginson advocated confiscation, which the other members had forgotten.

Two women who applied for admission as students into Harvard University got an evasive answer highly creditable to the diplomatic abilities of the somewhat retired scholars who must be supposed to be the managers of that institution of learning. The ladies were not admitted. Two other women have, we believe, made a similar application at the University of Michigan, and there will be a good deal of curiosity to hear the answer made by the faculty of that young but highly respected university. We suppose it may with equal propriety reply, as Harvard did, that "no provision" is made for female students, and, for the present, this answer must be held to be, on the whole, a not insufficient one. Whether it will, in fact, make that answer and say no more, is rather doubtful—that would hardly be the Western way; and we hope it may answer in the spirit shown by the government of the University of London, which has had its new charter drawn up with such breadth of expression as to admit of special examination of women for degrees.

WORKING-MEN will be pleased to learn that what Governor English's friends said of him during the late canvass was true, and that he does, his enemies to the contrary notwithstanding, favor an eight-hour law. He thinks a law making eight hours a legal day's work might properly be passed—provided it did not interfere with the right of employers and laborers to make contracts fixing whatever number of hours might seem to them proper. And if it will do the working-men any good, we can assure them that Mr. Hawley was also in favor of such a law as this; and, furthermore, that unless they elect a more foolish or a more knavish governor than any State in the Union has ever had yet and legislators to match him, the sort of eight-hour law which Mr. English kindly approves is the only sort they will ever get. The rest of Mr. English's message will remind Governor Orr and B. F. Perry of their boyhood's days, before we had any war or any emancipation or any negro citizens. At present, however, these gentlemen seem to act on views less retrospective.

THE laborers all over the world are on a strike for one reason or another, the main reason being, however, the desire for better food, clothing, and lodging. They feel that their condition has not improved in the ratio of the improvements in machinery and manufacturing processes. *The World* accounts for it all in an elaborate article, showing that it is the fault of the various governments, and it follows, of course, that the discontent of the working classes here is the fault of the Republican party. This may be true, but this leaves the extraordinary severity of the past winter unexplained. The Republican party may have had nothing to do with it; but we suggest for the consideration of the writer in *The World* who "attends to" this party whether there is not something very striking in the fact that the Republican victories last fall were followed by the worst snow-storms and bitterest cold, all over both this continent and that of Europe, that have been witnessed for a quarter of a century. We propound no theory of our own; all we say is that this coincidence strikes us as very queer.

SLAVERY has reached its high-water mark in Brazil. On the 5th of April the Emperor signed a decree abolishing slavery after twenty years from date, and giving absolute freedom to slave-born children from this time on. Two millions is the number of those whose emancipation is thus deferred; but it is safe to predict that other causes than death will have greatly diminished this figure by 1887. The institution was moribund in Brazil from the moment the slave-trade was annihilated (1850-51), and, besides the fact that manumissions are common, and liberty attainable by those willing to make the effort, color is no bar to civil and social advancement when once the person has become a freeman. Manumissions, therefore, will continue, liberty will still be bought, and with all the more eagerness that the parent and the child may enjoy the same status; while the progress of liberal ideas without and within the empire, even if no political revolution ensue, will tend to shorten the term of emancipation both in public opinion and on the statute-book. The news will inspire the World's Anti-Slavery Conference that meets shortly at Paris, for except in the Spanish provinces its attention need scarcely be directed to the Western hemisphere; and nowhere in America is slavery making head.

THE collector of Cable news on the other side is at work again "rapidly arming Prussia and France" and spreading "distrust in financial circles." As he has armed these two powers and has spread "the greatest uneasiness" throughout Europe several times already, there cannot now be much left for him to do in this field, and we again urge upon him the propriety of letting the feelings of "circles" and the private views of Bismark alone and devoting himself to telling us things that have actually happened.

THE Tory Ministry in England has been badly beaten, it appears, in attempting to resist the lodger franchise, which will, it is safe to say, nearly double the number of voters who would be added to the bill under Mr. Disraeli's personal rating qualification. But there is clearly



no getting the Tories out of office on this question, so a reform bill of some kind is pretty sure to be passed, which at the beginning of the session seemed by no means likely. The Reformers have carried out their intention to meet in Hyde Park in defiance of the Government, who were guilty of the folly of issuing proclamations declaring the meeting illegal, and afterwards allowing it to meet, with the proclamations posted up all around it. Of course, the folly of issuing the proclamation would have been aggravated by an attempt to enforce it, but its appearance aroused in the meeting a bitterness it would not otherwise have displayed, and has really made it a great political event. The real significance of the reform movement lies not in the mere fact that it will admit so many more men to the franchise, but in the fact that the first parliament elected under the bill will probably make changes in the Government so radical as almost to amount to a revolution.

THE Fenian trials are going on rapidly in Ireland, and three prisoners have been found guilty and two sentenced to death, but there is not much likelihood that the sentence will be executed. Hanging will not stop Fenianism.

THE text of the finding of the court in the case of Admiral Persano occupies five full columns of the *Florence Natione*; for the Italian way is to sum up minutely the grounds of the accusation, the showings of the testimony, the history of the circumstances, and the articles of the code which have been violated and which indicate the penalty. The unfortunate officer, though acquitted of cowardice, is convicted of negligence, unskillfulness, and disobedience, and, besides being dismissed the service and stripped of the rank of admiral, is obliged to pay the costs of his trial—an infliction which in any country whose finances are not in so ruinous a condition as are those of Italy would probably have been omitted. A good deal of sympathy is expressed for the man so signally humiliated, owing, perhaps, to a feeling that the national pride made of him a scapegoat for what was properly its own offence and consequent disgrace. This appearance, however, could scarcely be avoided even in a clearer case than Persano's, and if he was really the incompetent commander which his acts and the official dispatches (his own included) seem to prove him beyond doubt, it was impossible to retain him in the navy, and the law was tolerably explicit as to his punishment. The proposition to attack Lissa proceeded from him, and was acceded to by the Government rather than see the fleet anchored and almost blockaded at Ancona. He must have known that he could not escape a collision with the Austrian squadron; and unprepared as he pretended to be for such an engagement, the result would have been at least glorious for Italy if his ships had been handled dexterously and in concert, according to some definite plan of action.

#### A NEW OPENING FOR AUTHORS.

MAN, it has been well said, can have only a certain number of teeth, hairs, and ideas. From present appearances the publishers will soon be supplying him with all three—the teeth and hair false, of course, the ideas such as the fates may please. The question, Why ought a first-rate publishing house to be a good-sized manufacturing town, sounds like a conundrum—but it is not; the reasons why are sensible and solid, and in order to be accepted by all business men need only a plain statement.

What—to begin at the beginning—what is a publishing house that does not publish a magazine? Appletons are a great firm, and they do nothing of the kind, but the Harpers own a weekly and a monthly; Ticknor & Fields have a quarterly, two monthlies, and a weekly; Little, Brown & Co. have a law review; Hurd & Houghton reprint a foreign monthly, and issue one of their own besides; Scribner has a monthly magazine, so have Peterson & Brothers, so has Mr. Tilton, so has Mr. Keboe, so have a great multitude of others. And of course, though a cynical philosopher might not see the necessity, all these magazines must live—and to live they must have readers—and readers, generically speaking, must be Man—and Man, as we have already remarked, has but a limited capacity of entertaining ideas, which brings us back to our manufacturing village above-mentioned.

For from among the innumerable repertoires of ideas offered him weekly, it is requisite that the reader should make choice of this or that one. And the publisher must offer him inducements to read the particular one which his firm prints. Or it may be that the reader is perfectly able to devour and digest all the ideas that the publishers can put before him, but that he won't. It may be that the gentle reader has been debauched by the scurrilous critic, or too often betrayed by the genial and appreciative critic, or that he has discovered his own value and how much the publishers want him, and so waits to be bribed, and demands his price before he will read. At any rate, whether his mental or his moral shortcomings are the cause, the business of offering him "inducements to subscribe" is assuming vast proportions.

A Wheeler and Wilson sewing-machine worth fifty-five dollars for sixty dollars' worth of subscriptions, a Mason & Hamlin cabinet organ worth one hundred and ten dollars for one hundred and ninety-five dollars' worth of subscriptions, a twelve-dollar ice-pitcher or cake-basket or caster heavily plated in nickel silver for twenty-seven dollars' worth of subscribers, and for other amounts in subscriptions such premiums as a superb silver-plated tea-set, consisting of a chaste and beautiful tea-pot, an elegant coffee-pot, a water-pot to match, a cream-bowl of the neatest design, and a sugar-bowl like it—these are the offers which the judicious but no longer gentle reader extorts from the hitherto heady and masterful publishers. Obviously there is nothing to prevent another publisher's turning his attention to another branch of manufacturing industry, say to the making of a light and durable article of chamber furniture, or tin-ware—an article constantly in demand—or iridium-tipped gold pens, or a truly American perfume, or hair and hair dye, or soft-finish spool cotton, or gloves and hosiery, or wooden ware.

The mention of this last sort of goods suggests to us a plan which at first blush—we have not studied it in all its details—seems excellent. Why could n't most of our authors be profitably employed in turning out wooden-ware and most other articles of mechanism, to be made at the expense of the publishers, and given to subscribers as premiums for reading the other works of the same gentlemen? A small publisher might content himself with making one or two kinds of goods, as boots and shoes or patent teeth. But the great publisher, with unlimited command of money, and with an army of authors at his back, might, and no doubt before we are grey he will, go into general manufacturing. He could build two or three streets of small tenements, divided by strong fences, a few of them adapted to the use of authors unmarried, the rest to the needs of men with large families, and in the midst he might set up his manufactory. The steam which now works his presses and heats his buildings and lifts paper to the eighth story, and does a hundred other things, might be made to do still another hundred of still other things. It might here keep turning a score of lathes and keep industrious a score of poets working after patterns; there two historians, retired from the world, might be made to superintend the process of reducing certain books to pulp and transforming them to unspoiled paper; on this floor novelists might be employed in cutting and making by machinery suits of clothes; on that floor above essayists might fill small cans with hash or preserved fruits.

In short, it would be easy for the publisher, and soon it will be necessary for him, to turn out his own premiums by his own machinery, with his own authors as operatives, and thus save the immense sums which he now has to pay in the way of profits and commissions to the various manufacturers and other dealers. And as for the rest of the world, while the reader under this plan will lose nothing, but rather gain, the author will be sure of a home and of useful employment, and the publisher who pushes his magazines by premiums will be able to print whatever articles his author may write.

And for superannuated authors who had behaved themselves well, and for journalists no longer able to support the heats and toils of controversies, personal and political, there might be a little garden attached to the manufactory in which prize strawberry plants should be raised; or if the laborer had no prohibitory scruples of conscience, he might be set to snip off cuttings of the vine to be given to the honest farmer of "the unpaved districts."

## Notes.

## LITERARY.

Messrs. LEYPOLDT & HOLT will soon give the novel-reading public "The Man with a Broken Ear," a most extravagant and most entertaining story by Edmond About. It is of the same sort as "The Nose of a Notary," which most people have read; and it is rather remarkable, seeing that About's "King of the Mountains" and his witty "Roman Question," with its memorable opening sentence, and his sad story of the sympathetic nose, were so generally read and liked by the American public, that we have not had more of his books translated. This translation is the work of Mr. Holt himself, its publisher.—Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. announce Miss Alice Cary's novel, "The Bishop's Son," which has been running through the *Springfield Republican*, and also a work, which is philosophic, we suppose, with the very brief and very comprehensive title of "Man."—Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have in press "The Boulevards," by W. Blanchard Jerrold; "History of the Dervishes," by J. P. Brown, interpreter of the American Legation at Constantinople, and, if we are not mistaken, a writer now and then of some tolerable verses; "The People the Sovereigns: Being a Comparison of the Government of the United States with those of the Republics which have existed before," by Ex-President Monroe; and "O-Kee-Pa, a Religious Ceremony of the Mandans," by George Catlin.—Messrs. Roberts Brothers are republishing W. M. Rossetti's "Essays on Art," Wm. Carew Hazlitt's "Memoirs of Wm. Hazlitt," and Swinburne's "W. Blake, Artist and Poet"—books not below the standard which this house seems to have set for itself.—Mr. Boutwell's speeches and articles relative to the question of reconstruction are to be gathered into a volume which Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. will publish. And a report is current that Mr. Sumner intends publishing his speech, made in secret session, in favor of the Russian-American purchase. So we may get some light on that subject; may, among other things, learn whether we are to pay the seven millions in dollars or in second-hand iron-clads.

—On one side of any American publisher bold enough to attempt a new edition of Thackeray's works stands the great firm of Harper & Brothers, who will not hear of interference by any one with the sale of books to which they are or conceive themselves entitled; on the other side stands the firm of D. Appleton & Co., who, leaving to the house above-mentioned the greater works of Thackeray, make and sell the reprints of the lesser works, "The Book of Snobs," "The Irish Sketch-Book," etc. Let us say, however, that we have never heard of any active measures taken by this latter firm to prevent new editions of Thackeray. And we say nothing here of the Tauchnitz Thackeray, for which Messrs. Leyppoldt & Holt are the agents in this country. But it is tolerably well known that Messrs. Sever & Francis, of Cambridge, would, some years ago, have given us Thackeray in a far handsomer dress than he has ever worn in this country if, by an energetic application of the "courtesy of the trade" principle, they had not been compelled to stop short after they had got out "Pendennis," and sell their plates to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who, it is currently but perhaps falsely reported, cannot base their claims to a right of property in American editions of Thackeray on any payment of money made to the author or his heirs. We say perhaps falsely reported, for it is not, on the face of it, improbable that Thackeray may have been paid by Messrs. Harper a certain sum for such of his novels as were printed in *Harper's Monthly*. How far such payments, amply repaid as they were by the value of the stories as portions of the magazine, can give to the house that made them a monopoly of the business of selling the novels in book-form, we do not here enquire. As we have said, the report goes that they were not made. So Sever & Francis began the publication of the novels, and were very soon compelled to stop. Messrs. Harper & Brothers have never given us the rest of that edition. But they have just put the three volumes of the Sever & Francis "Pendennis" into one, adorned it with the excellent portrait engraved for Sever & Francis, and the volume is offered at the low price of a dollar and a quarter. The paper, to be sure, is thin, but the book is by no means badly made, and the reading public might properly be congrat-

ulated if it were probable that the edition would now be completed. Whether it will or not is a question. We suppose the answer depends in a great measure on Mr. Michael Doolady. That publisher has just issued the first volume ("Pendennis") of his "Diamond Thackeray," which bears an exact resemblance to the "Diamond Dickens" of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields. It has twelve illustrations, engraved on wood and well done, from designs by Thackeray, and is excellently printed on white paper. The same objection applies to these volumes as to those of the "Diamond Dickens" in regard to the fineness of the print; but, like those, these are very elegant specimens of book-making, and, of course, as regards illustrations these have an immense advantage. The price is the same—one dollar and a half—so that Messrs. Harper & Brothers offer us a "Pendennis" twenty-five cents cheaper than Mr. Doolady can. Far more people buy Dickens than buy Thackeray, but so many people—twenty-odd thousand, we believe—have bought the diamond edition of the former, and so many people who read both authors will like to see them both in similar apparel, that we suppose, and for these and various other reasons we hope, there may be a remunerative demand for the edition by Mr. Doolady.

—Mr. John Hogg, one of the publishers of *The London Society*, has had prepared, at the request of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, a statement, which he has sworn to before the Lord Mayor of London, in which it is declared that Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, when they bought the right to reprint *London Society* in this country, were fully aware of an agreement already existing between Mr. Hogg and Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, by which *Every Saturday* was to have advance sheets of *London Society*. There was, therefore, no fault to be found with Mr. Hogg for any action of his in this matter, and indeed none was ever alleged either by the Boston or the New York firm. This we take pleasure in saying. We believe Mr. Hurd, who has just sailed for Europe, will continue in force the present arrangements for the reprinting of the magazine, though, it is true, considerable quantities of the English edition find their way into this market. Mr. Hurd, during this visit to England and the Continent, will make arrangements for the sale abroad of the publications of his house, and especially for the sale of certain important new works, of American authorship, which are not to be issued till his return.

—We are informed by Messrs. Leyppoldt & Holt, who are so advised by Messrs. Trübner & Co., that the Early English Text Society is proceeding prosperously in the accumulation of a reprinting fund. No doubt, then, it will, before long, be possible for the later subscribers to get, at a cheap rate, the publications of 1864 and 1865, which are at present out of print and hard to find. We believe Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, have on sale some complete sets of the publications of those first years of the society's activity; but of course they hold them at a comparatively high price, and the news of probable reprints will be received with much satisfaction. We have more than once, in these columns, called attention to the work and the aims of this society, which sets before itself the task of "bringing to light the whole of the hidden springs of the noble literature that England calls her own," and that we call our own too. We make no apology for again recurring to the subject; for to do so is, we hope, to lead some of our readers to the knowledge and the possession of some of the most valuable treasures of the language and to advance the cause of sound learning by acquainting them better with the language itself. A guinea a year—and that would be at present about \$6 85 in paper—is the subscription fee, and for that sum the subscriber for 1867, for instance, will get certainly twenty and very likely thirty-two carefully edited ancient texts belonging to the class of romances, such as "Launcelot of the Laik," of dialectal works, such as the "Ayenbite of Inwytt" ("Remorse of Conscience," "the first great monument of the Kentish dialect"), of religious treatises, and finally of miscellaneous works, as "The Wright's Chaste Wife," "Piers Plowman's Vision" (three versions). These works, when sold in our American bookstores—this we say for the benefit of non-subscribers who may want one or another of them—cannot be sold as cheap as ordinary English books. The American importer has to pay, of course, the duty on the cost of the books, on the cost of the packing-case they come in, on the amount of the commission which the Government supposes him to have paid to a purchasing agent; but



moreover, he has to pay in London the full retail price, for the society makes no discount. So, in the case of these books, the shilling is to be counted as worth sixty-odd cents in our currency and not as fifty cents, which is the value of it in the retail prices of other English books. But a guinea subscription not only gives a subscriber a large number of works curious and interesting in themselves and also of very great value to the student of English and the English; it also confers upon him the privilege of buying, at a reduced rate, in fact at half-price, the volume, soon to be printed by the society, containing the original ballads which Bishop Percy used in the preparation of his "Reliques," and which he altered to suit the vitiated taste of his day. The work, as given to subscribers for the society's texts, will form an octavo volume and will match the other volumes of the society's publications.

—Mr. Charles Webb, who says he wrote "Liffith Lank" for a magazine which twice refused it in spite of an earnest protest on the part of the author and repeated assurances that it was good, finally printed that clever little travesty in *The Times*. Afterwards, when it appeared in book form, he was really its publisher, though it bore the imprint of G. W. Carleton & Co. As, then, Mr. Webb in the case of "Liffith Lank" had the trouble of publishing his book, he intends now to have also whatever honor and whatever profit can be got from the business, so he issues "St. Twel'mo" under his own name, and with it a little book by Mark Twain, entitled "The Jumping Frog and Other Sketches," a volume not unworthy of a place beside the works of John Phoenix, A. Ward's books, and the two volumes of the Rev. Mr. Nasby. The new and enlarged edition of "Liffith Lank" will not be put on the shelves of Messrs. Carleton & Co. With these three books Mr. Webb will try the experiment, not too successful generally, of combining the labors of author and publisher. He has made a good beginning, however, for "Liffith Lank" sold very well indeed.

—M. J. J. Clamageran, member of the Paris Society of Political Economy, has just published the first part of a work entitled "Histoire de l'Impôt en France" (History of Taxation in France). The author has taken a prominent part in the various congresses of the International Association for the Advancement of Social Science, and his present production is the fruit of many years of profound historic investigation in a field where he has had no competitors either among historians or economists. The first volume treats of the organization and growth of taxation during the Roman, the barbarian, and the feudal epochs, and halts in the middle of the fifteenth century. What follows will bring the history down to the revolution of 1789. M. Clamageran's preface, it is said, is a most attractive introduction to a scientific treatise, embracing in some eighty pages a prospectus of the subsequent history, and "written in a vigorous style that assumes both warmth and color when generalizations are evolved from the facts."

#### MR. LONGFELLOW'S TRANSLATION OF THE DIVINE COMEDY.\*

THIS first volume of the work on which Mr. Longfellow has been so long engaged fulfils the justly high anticipations with which it has been awaited. The remarkable beauty of the book is appropriate to the character of the translation, and the claim tacitly asserted by the elegance of the external appearance of the volume is justified and maintained by its intrinsic merit.

After careful examination, and with no disposition to substitute commendation for criticism, we do not hesitate to say that not only is Mr. Longfellow's translation the best that has ever been made of the "Divina Commedia" into English, but also that it is hardly likely ever to be superseded or surpassed.

No one acquainted with the extraordinary felicity of Mr. Longfellow's versions of the poetry of other languages—a felicity which was one of the proofs of his original genius—can have doubted that his success would be great in any task of the sort to which he might set himself. But the measure of success he has attained in this work can hardly fail to surprise even those who had the highest confidence in his achievement.

It is with the heartiest pleasure that we say this; for we, in common with all readers of English, owe so much to Mr. Longfellow, and have so long learned to feel for him not only the admiration due to his genius, but a more personal sentiment of regard, respect, nay, even of affection, springing from the use he has made of his gifts and from the expression of

his character in his writings, that we rejoice once more to be called on to testify to our gratitude to him, and with honest praise of his new work to give utterance to the feeling which is shared by thousands of readers unknown to him, and to serve them as the voice by which they offer to him their thanks.

We do not propose, in speaking of this translation, to enter upon the much vexed and insoluble question of the best method of poetic translation in general. The translator of a poem of any considerable extent has necessarily to make a choice between the literal and the free methods of translating, according to the object that he has in view. Much is to be said in favor of each. The free translation may be more attractive to an age and nation whose habits of thought and literary tastes are widely different from those of the age and nation to which the original was addressed. Pope succeeded in making his "Homer" far more popular than a more Homeric version would have been at the time he wrote. The general esteem in which Cary's version of the "Divine Comedy" has been held by English readers is due in great measure to its un-Dantesque qualities. But at present there is a reaction—it is one of the symptoms of the existing tendency to realism in literature and art—in favor of translation which shall give us as much as possible of the actual characteristics of the original; which shall not adapt it to other or changed tastes, but shall present it in its artistic and historic integrity. The more intelligent understanding of the past possessed by our generation, and the novel interest taken in the development of thought, in the life and the creeds of former days, make us desire the exactest reproduction of the chief works of ancient and mediæval literary genius.

In accordance with this disposition, Mr. Longfellow has undertaken to give us as faithful a rendering of Dante as could be made, avoiding on the one hand the unfidelity of mere literalism; on the other, that of paraphrase or interpretation. But a special difficulty attends the translation in a poetic form of the "Divine Comedy." One of the great charms of the original—a charm which belongs to it in higher degree than to any other work in literature—is its rhyme; and this triple, interlaced rhyme does not merely give delight to the ear by the recurrence of its harmonies, but it is so intimate a part of the structure of the poem that it forms one of the essential elements in the effect of the "Divine Comedy" upon the imagination and the intellect. The rhyme, which so rarely that we may, speaking broadly, say it never forced Dante to use a word he would not otherwise have chosen, becomes interfused with the thought itself, and gives not only added beauty but added meaning to the conception of the poet. Indeed, in no other poem is there so complete and absolute a blending of form with essence as in the "Divine Comedy."

But so far as the rhyme of the poem is concerned with its effect, the translator into English finds himself confronted with an insurmountable difficulty. The abundance of rhymes in the Romance languages contrasts strikingly with their scanty numbers in the languages of the Teutonic stock. If the translator attempt to preserve the triple rhyme, he speedily finds himself forced to make use of inversions and all sorts of expedients, by which qualities more important than the rhyme are obscured, if not utterly lost. The attempt has been gallantly made by one or two of the recent English translators; but no one familiar with the original can read even the best of these rhymed versions—Mr. Cayley's, for instance, or Mr. Ford's—and not soon be convinced that the English rhyme not only fails to reproduce the effect of the Italian, but is a positive hindrance to a good rendering of so much of the poem as it is possible to convey into our tongue.

Mr. Longfellow has then, as we think, done wisely in discarding rhyme. He felt, doubtless, that what was far more essential to preserve than the rhyme was the diction of Dante—a diction as various, as rich, as full, as sympathetic as ever poet possessed; now strong with unmatched simplicity and directness, now refined with an equally unmatched subtlety and exquisiteness of sense, changing with change of subject and modulated by every variety of feeling. To preserve this diction, to convey its character so far as change of language permits, must be the chief object of the translator. In keeping to the measure of the original, and confining himself to the same number of lines, Mr. Longfellow has chosen the best mode of securing this vital characteristic of the poem. If we compare his version with the other English versions that have been made upon the same general plan, we shall find that his is far the closest to the original not only in exactness of verbal rendering, but in this supreme quality of diction and of style. A poet alone can perfectly translate a poet.

It will not surprise us if many readers, attracted by Mr. Longfellow's name, should take up the book with expectations of entertainment from it which will not be fulfilled. But this will not be the poet's fault, but due to their own want of proper culture. No one need turn to the "Divine Comedy" for mere amusement. It is not to be read at all without some effort of

\* "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Translated by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow." Vol. I. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867. 8vo, pp. 413.

mind, it is not to be truly understood without serious study and thought. It is not easily intelligible throughout even to Italians at the present day; and Mr. Longfellow has not attempted to make it easier in English than it is in Italian. But his translation will, we trust, lead some persons to the study and enjoyment of the poem who might not otherwise have had their interest awakened in it. It will thus not only lead them to acquaintance with one of the highest works of genius which the world possesses, and widen their understanding with knowledge of modes of thought remote from those of our day, but will introduce them to intimacy with a character almost solitary in its lofty purity, in its self-suffering manliness, in its dignity, strength, truthfulness, and tenderness. For Dante was much more than a great poet—he was a great man; and his chief work embodies and expresses as no other composition of human genius has succeeded in doing the essential personal traits of its author. It is the image of himself, and as such has a universal and perpetual interest to all other men, quite apart from and superior to that which attaches to its narrative, and to the special power and beauty with which its literary form is inspired.

The fact that the poem is so complete and absolute an expression of the man, imposes on the translator as his first duty the utmost attainable fidelity of rendering. Other authors may be less closely followed without wrong; but Dante insists upon respect for his words and has a commanding right to it. Mr. Longfellow has fully acknowledged this, and his translation gives proof at every line of the faithfulness which he has borne to his master. He has practised a difficult self-restraint; and we venture to say that there is not a passage in his translation in which he has wilfully substituted his own thought for that of his author, in which he has attempted to improve on the original, or in which he has allowed the temptation to interpret the meaning of Dante to interfere with the exactness of his version. Poets who heretofore have translated poets have been much in the habit of giving to their own genius a somewhat free scope in the adornment and interpretation of their authors. Chapman is perhaps the worst, and at the same time the most excusable, of sinners in this respect. Pope and Dryden are hardly less guilty. But no reader of Mr. Longfellow's translation need feel any question as to whether a thought, a simile, a sentiment in his version corresponds with the original or not. Mr. Longfellow's poetic genius shows itself here not in independent exercise, but in his exquisite sympathy with his author, in the choice of the most felicitous corresponding expression, in his selection of the most appropriate words, and in the range of his poetic vocabulary. There are portions of his version of really noble English, and throughout it the finest parts of the original are rendered as they only could have been by one who felt their charm and was himself so great a poet as to be able to transfer it into his own tongue.

The readers who know the other English versions of the "Divine Comedy" are those who are likely to set the highest value upon Mr. Longfellow's work, and to appreciate best the difficulties he has overcome. We regret that our space does not permit us to cite some parallel passages from the various English translations, to show the student unfamiliar with the other versions that in Mr. Longfellow he has not only the most poetic but by far the safest and most experienced of guides.

The notes and illustrations, which form half of the present volume, are worthy of the translation, and form an agreeable and useful body of comment. Mr. Longfellow has wisely avoided any attempt to set forth the intricate symbolism which some commentators discover in the minute details of the poem, and has pronounced his opinion upon disputed points with simplicity and without display of the arguments which have led him to his conclusions. His notes are mainly explanations of genuine difficulties, historical accounts of personages or events mentioned in the course of the poem, and passages taken from other authors which serve to illustrate the words or thoughts of Dante. There is no parade of learning in them, but they are drawn from a wide field of reading, and are the acquisitions of a naturally refined, scholarly taste, developed through a life devoted to literary pursuits.

We have left ourselves no space for the analysis of special portions of the work, but we regret this the less because the publication of the second and third volumes will afford us an opportunity to return to it, and we desire now simply to welcome it with the cordial greeting it deserves.

#### LONG'S DECLINE OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.\*

It was, perhaps, a natural mistake, but none the less a very unfortunate one, that Mr. George Long, confessedly the first English authority on points

of Roman antiquities, should therefore fancy himself competent to write a Roman history. We have seldom met with a book bearing the name of a history which presented so few claims to this title. Mr. Long could not fail to make a valuable treatise upon this subject, and we may be grateful to him for presenting us in a compact form with the net results of the labors of his long life. But he is by nature an antiquarian, not an historian. His highest aim seems to be to make an accurate statement of all the facts positively known, in chronological order. In the preface to the first volume he scouts the notion of "a philosophical history;" in that to the second volume condemns in strong terms the practice of "adding ornament to the simplest facts" in what is called picturesque history; and in his zeal to avoid the mistakes that other writers have unquestionably made in these two directions, he gives us a book which is neither philosophical nor picturesque, nor even a history in any high sense of the term.

To "patiently examine facts and attempt to put them in their proper place" is the sole task which he has placed before him. The result is a heavy narrative wherever Appian, Sallust, and Plutarch can be followed implicitly, and where there is doubt as to the facts a dull and rambling discussion, such as properly belongs to notes or appendices, authorities compared and arguments weighed, often without reaching any decision. When any occasion tempts we have a digression upon some point remotely connected with the subject under discussion, and those digressions are often the most interesting parts of the book, as, for instance, those upon the magic art, page 123, and upon the works of Aristotle, page 320. But anything like a generalization, except occasionally a shrewd practical remark on some political matter, or any arguing from the known to the unknown, he sedulously shuns. One smiles sometimes at a kind of dogged determination evinced to *infer* nothing, to accept nothing which is not down in black and white, and one cannot help suspecting that the mere mention of the name of Mommsen excites in him a kind of grim wrath; of Niebuhr, too, only that this name is now a classic in England even more than in Germany.

After all, we must acknowledge what there is really praiseworthy in Mr. Long's method. He makes, we think, a mistake in insisting upon the same canons of historical evidence in ancient as in modern history. Still, there is no doubt that a dry, sceptical treatise like this may be very serviceable in preserving the balance in investigation and checking a disposition to draw inferences from inadequate data. In ancient history we must perforce adopt a bolder method of enquiry than modern history admits. If we had only Livy and Dio Cassius complete, to say nothing of lesser writers, we should hardly desire anything more; but where all our information as to a period a generation long, crowded with important events, is contained in a series of bare epitomes, two or three unskilful abridgments, and a mass of allusions and disconnected incidents scattered through many volumes—what we *know* in such a case as this is very little; the question is what we have a right to *infer*. "Nothing lies like facts," it has been said; certainly the half-truths which thus come to our knowledge can give but a distorted notion of the course of events. And, at any rate, so long as writers on Roman history had nothing but the definite statements of ancient writers to follow, their works were meagre and profitless. It was not until Niebuhr took hold of the subject with a kind of inspiration, divining truths the record of which had perished, that a genuine interest and life were infused into it. Mr. Long is right in warring against hasty and ungrounded assumptions such as abound in many German writers on this subject. Even Niebuhr's greatness rests less upon his positive results than upon the method he introduced, for his views are now very largely set aside by the progress of the enquiry, while the stimulus he gave to the study of ancient history and the examples he himself affords of the true method of investigation ensure him a great and lasting name.

The building up of the dilapidated structure of Roman history calls for a rare combination of qualities; the widest and profoundest acquaintance with all the facts that are known, so that the mind shall have them thoroughly at its command; and, joined with this, a constructive imagination which knows how to give due weight to the smallest trifles of historical evidence and combine seemingly indifferent facts into a harmonious whole. This imagination was Niebuhr's peculiar power, and it is the peculiar power of his great successor, Mommsen; but it is one which Mr. Long not only does not himself possess in the smallest degree, but which he cannot appreciate or even understand in others. The consequence is that his history is disconnected, fragmentary, without light and shade, without satisfactory analysis of cause and effect. But, as we remarked above, it may yet be a serviceable check to the imagination. In reading a book of genius, like Mommsen's, one is carried along by the strong grasp and positive assertions of the author, and, by reason of his practice of not giving authorities, is unable to discriminate between what the writer says because he finds it so stated and what

\* "The Decline of the Roman Republic. By George Long." Vol. II. London: Bell & Daldy, Fleet Street. 1866. 8vo, pp. 480.



he says because he feels it must be true. But if Professor Mommsen is censurable in not giving his authorities, even more so is Mr. Long, for he does not profess to give us anything but what he finds in ancient writers, and the sole value of his book is as a thesaurus of whatever is positively known of this period. Half this value is lost by our not knowing where to find the authority for his statements.

The period covered by the second volume of this work is perhaps the most perplexing, as it is one of the most interesting, in all history—that extending from the war with the Cimbri and Teutones to the death of Sertorius, B. C. 105–72. Many momentous events during these years are hardly known to us even in bare outline, and of the whole period it is perhaps not too much to say that there is none in history of equal length and equal importance of which so little is known with certainty. If ever, the *inferential* method of weighing evidence is in place here, all the more because our information is unusually full and exact as to the years which immediately followed. The seeds were sown by Marius and Sulla of which we see the fruits in the careers of Pompey, Cicero, and Cæsar. Moreover, the writings of Cicero in especial abound in allusions to these earlier events, which are rich in instruction to one who knows how to use them. Nowhere could Mr. Long compare less favorably with Mommsen than just here. The only task his method allows him to attempt is to arrange in their order the scattered bits of information which we happen to possess. He tells us nothing but what is true, perhaps, but the highest truth he fails, and indeed does not try, to seize. In the German work, on the other hand, we find a consistent and complete development of events; inaccurate it may be in some details, but derived from an exhaustive study of whatever has been handed down or written upon the subject; at all events, based upon fundamental principles, and tracing out with clearness, force, and eloquence the path along which Rome was hurrying to destruction.

This period may be considered the second stage in the rapid downfall of the republic. The first is represented by the efforts of the Gracchi to overthrow peaceably the rule of the oligarchy; the third and last by the triumph of Cæsar. Between these two came the unsuccessful attempt of Marius to do what Cæsar afterwards accomplished; his is the central figure of this epoch, because he represents the irresistible tendency of events; Drusus and Sulla the ineffectual struggle against this tendency. The enmity which Caius Gracchus had so large a share in exciting between the senate and the knights, or, more accurately, between the Senatorial Order and the Equestrian Order, was in strictness, as Niebuhr well observed, that “found among all nations, at a certain stage of their progress, between the landowners and the moneyed men;” the landed, hereditary aristocracy and the aristocracy of wealth; the nobility and the *parvenus*. Gracchus had seen the incurable rottenness of the nobility which ruled the state, and had seen, too, that the only thing that could save his country was an infusion of new blood by the admission of the Italian allies to the citizenship, for among these were to be found the only elements of a healthy national character which still existed in Italy. It is no light task to overthrow an aristocracy whose roots are fixed in institutions centuries old, and Gracchus found himself betrayed by both the allies upon whom he depended for carrying through his plans. The new aristocracy of money which he had established as a counterweight to the nobility failed him at the critical moment; the aristocratic principle was as deeply engrained in Roman society as it is in that of England at the present day, and a wealthy contractor might aspire to found a noble family, just as a railway king may hope to be made a peer. The lower classes, too, which he fancied he had bound firmly to himself, were easily bought over by his enemies; they had no interest in reform, for, like the poor whites in the South, it was merely in the possession of citizenship that they were above their neighbors, and by sharing this with the Samnites and Marsians they would themselves lose their sole claim to consideration and would sink to their natural insignificance.

It is in these party relations which Caius Gracchus left behind him that we are to seek the key to the perplexed events of the generation which succeeded; feuds in the ruling class itself, between the senatorial and equestrian orders, while for both of them a common master was in store; unavailing efforts of the Italians to obtain citizenship, until at length they were driven to seek it by arms; all parties in turn bidding for the votes of the rabble, who had the final power of decision, but to whom one side was as good as another, so they had their fill of shows and their cheap corn. There existed no *people*, as we understand the word; democracy, in our sense of the term, was impossible. The only choice lay between oligarchy and tyranny. Of all this the book before us gives a very inadequate analysis.

It is true that Mr. Long, with his practical English way of looking at things, has many admirably clear and suggestive accounts of special laws, institutions, and political questions, especially in the first volume. But he

lacks the power of conveying a clear notion of political movements as a whole; his mind acts in detail, and the result is rather a collection of valuable materials than a wise use made of the materials themselves. As an instance of a discussion in his best style we will refer to Chapter IV. of the second volume, which treats of the origin of the Cimbri and Teutones. His view, that both these tribes were German, is precisely opposite to that of Mr. Latham, who holds that they were both Celts; the one setting aside the obvious resemblance between the names *Cimbri* and *Kymri*, the other that between *Teutones* and *Teutsch*. It is strange, by the way, in the face of Mr. Latham's elaborate argument, that Mr. Long should say, page 52, that “nobody doubts that the Teutones were a Germanic people”; but that he is correct in following the common opinion on this point, we have no question. At the same time, his arguments for the Germanic origin of the Cimbri are ingenious, and to us conclusive; indeed, the only counter argument is the accidental similarity of the names *Cimbri* and *Kymri*. Another excellent example of his style is in the account of the *leges repetundarum* and other legal forms, Vol. I., Chap. II., and Vol. II., Chap. XIV. On subjects of this nature he is at home, and speaks with clearness and sagacity.

An example of the opposite kind, illustrating his incapacity for a broad discussion of political questions, is in regard to the enrolling in the tribes of the Italians who obtained their citizenship through the Social War. On page 199, Vol. II., he quotes Appian and Velleius to the effect that the new citizens were enrolled in eight or ten new tribes, at the same time expressing some hesitation as to accepting the statement. On pages 212 and 221, however, he speaks of this arrangement as if there were no question about it; but on page 402, where he has occasion to review the history of the tribes, he says distinctly that “the number thirty five remained unchanged” from B. C. 241, and only mentions the addition of new tribes in B. C. 90 as being “proposed.” This is Niebuhr's view, and is perhaps the correct one, although Mommsen and Lange maintain that the new citizens were to be distributed among eight of the old tribes, just as the *libertini* had been among four. It is hard to say which view is the most probable; there is the explicit statement of Appian (i. 49) in favor of the one, while the testimony of Velleius (ii. 20) is claimed by both parties; “ut in octo tribus contribuerentur novi cives” seems at first sight to mean eight of the existing tribes, but Becker insists that in that case the word must be “distribuere.” Whichever it may have been, the law, if it was a law, never went into effect, for the reason, as Lange shows, that the census of B. C. 89 was never held, and therefore nothing but a temporary and experimental arrangement can have been made. Mr. Long, however, would certainly convey the idea at first that the institution of eight new tribes was not only decided upon but actually carried into effect.

We suppose that it is a dislike of the practice of the Germans to begin their treatises almost with the creation of the world that has led Mr. Long to discard an introduction, and plunge at once in *medias res*. The first sentence in the first volume mentions the fall of Carthage, with some of the results which it brought after it, and then we are led at once into the midst of the Spanish War; one would almost think he had got hold of a second volume instead of a first. Not much is gained by this, for the matter which properly belongs to an introduction is necessarily brought in from time to time in the way of explanation and illustration, interrupting the continuity of the narrative, and occupying, we suspect, more room on the whole than if a well-arranged introduction had been prepared. There is surely a due mean between this abruptness and the introduction to the “*Vie de Cæsar*,” half a volume long, and going over the whole history of the six hundred and fifty years of the city. And it is certainly true that the decline of the Roman Republic cannot be properly told or clearly understood without a good understanding of the condition of things at the commencement of the decline.

Another serious defect will perhaps be remedied in a subsequent volume. We find no account, hardly a hint, of the inner life of the Romans, their thought and its expression, their religion, philosophy, and literature. Even if the meagre literature of this period had very little to do with the political decline, which we doubt, at any rate nothing deserves more careful and thorough consideration in this point of view than religion and philosophy, as influenced by Greek systems, and as directly connected with the decay of public spirit and private manners. It may be, however, that Mr. Long is reserving this topic to be treated as a whole at the close of his work.

#### THE NATIONAL POEM OF SWEDEN.\*

“THERE'S odds in deacons,” according to the proverb, and there's odds in poets also, and it would be well enough to join this saying with that

\* “Frithiof's Saga. From the Swedish of Esaias Tegnér. By the Rev. Wm. Lewery Blackley, M.A.” Edited by Bayard Taylor. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

familiar one which asserts that only by a poet can a poet be translated. For who can conceive of a tolerable translation of Heine by Wordsworth, or of Emerson by Béranger? These are extreme instances of unfitness; but extreme instances to the contrary—of fitness for the task of making the poet of one country a denizen of another—are so very rare, although the poets who have attempted translations are numerous, that obviously the rule as it stands is too unlimited for usefulness, indeed so unlimited as to be nearly useless. Certainly, we ought to prize highly a poet in whom great knowledge of the poetic art, and whatever other knowledge may be necessary, are united with what we may call the translator's temperament, whose genius is sympathetic, impressible, not of itself too forcible; and it may be permitted us—and we do not forget to be grateful for the long and fortunate labor on the "Divine Comedy"—to regret that Mr. Longfellow, who unites in himself the conditions here indicated, has not done even more in the way of translating than he has done. His renderings in the "Wayside Inn" of the Heimskringla, and the fragmentary passages of the "Frithiof's Saga" with which he enriched the youthful essay on that poem which he printed thirty years ago in *The North American Review*, may well make us particularly regret that the poetry of the North has not had more of his attention as a translator.

The "Frithiof's Saga" of Tegnér one would have been inclined to fix upon as the poem of recent times which would have most attractions for him. Tegnér, when a professor in the university of Lund, lecturing to his pupils and speaking of the poetry of their native region as contrasted with that of Greece, of the Orientals, of the masters of modern song, not only gives it credit for wild legendary romance and for love of nature—for delighting in the pale colossal forms which float on the mists and whisper of the mysteries of the other world, in the murmur of the brook heard while the moon is rising on the Fjellen, in the song of the thrush on the golden birch, as she sits and sings a lament for the brief summer and dying nature, but also he attributes to it "depth of thought and earnestness of reflection." In this he was perhaps too partial. Not being versed in Scandinavian literature, we cannot speak with authority; but we may say that critics other than Swedish do not attribute depth of thought either to the ancient or the modern poetry of the North. Of old, it was simple in sentiment, picturesque and forcible in diction, full of the gloom of the Norse gods, and of the abounding life and energy, the reckless courage, the robust cheerfulness, the childlike or boylike simplicity, the ferocity, or rather the fierceness, of the Norse men. In modern times, as seen in this poem of Tegnér's, the sagas of the sea-wolves have put off much of the old violence and bloodiness and tremendous energy, and have put on much of prettiness and of that quality of melancholy "which sets the songs of the land to the minor key." To say that the masterpiece of the Bishop of Wexiö is an ancient saga to some extent sentimentalized, recast into finished verses of many metres, profusely adorned with vivid and happy imagery, is, we think, to describe pretty correctly the national poem of Sweden. And the profusion of elegant ornament, the carefulness and elaboration of the verse, the flavor of far-off times, the pensive melancholy, the simple and noble sentiments, the unprofound nature of the thought—all these characteristics of Tegnér's famous work would have been charmingly given us by the kindred poet who wrote "Evangeline," and who translated "The Children of the Lord's Supper," and a pleasant fresh field of poetry would have been made a possession for us. But we suppose we are not to have the pleasure, nor Tegnér the great good fortune, of a complete translation of the "Frithiof's Saga" by Mr. Longfellow. We shall, however, offer our readers, that they may be tempted to know Tegnér, though afar off, some passages of Mr. Longfellow's rendering alongside of Mr. Blackley's.

And first let us say that whoever wants a far better abstract of the poem than we can give may find the essay which we have mentioned in that part of Mr. Longfellow's prose works entitled "Drift Wood." Briefly this is the Saga of Frithiof the Valiant, or Frithiof the Bold, upon which Tegnér founded his poem: Frithiof, son of Thorsten, son of Viking, loves Ingeborg, daughter of King Bele, and sister of Helge and Halfdan. Bele dies after exhorting his two sons to keep the friendship of the bold Frithiof, the son of King Bele's dear friend and comrade. Helge, a gloomy man, and Halfdan, a trifier, refuse Frithiof the hand of Ingeborg, for he is but a Jarl and they kings. Old King Ring demands Ingeborg's hand, and being refused makes war on the brothers. They send for Frithiof, who refuses to aid them, and they are defeated, and Ingeborg weds King Ring. But meantime Ingeborg and Frithiof had met in Balder's temple (a thing forbidden) and exchanged rings. So, as a punishment for this sacrilege, Frithiof must go to Jarl Angantyr at the Faroes and get from him the tribute that he owes. In his magic ship Ellida, in the face of storms which King Helge raises by his arts, and after a fight with demons of the storm, Frithiof reaches the land of

Angantyr, and gets the tribute, for Angantyr loved Thorsten. When he comes home he finds his dwelling has been burned by Helge's men. He seeks Helge at Balder's temple, flings the tribute in his teeth, and the image of Balder is thrown into the fire. Frithiof takes to sea-roving, killing sea kings and making much booty. And after three years he tires of this life and turns himself homeward. He goes disguised to the court of King Ring. Queen Ingeborg speaks but little to him. Her life and Ring's he saves, dragging them, their sledge, and the horses to firm ice just as they were sinking. And one day he walks forth with Ring into the wood and the old king lies down and sleeps. Frithiof is tempted to kill him, but does not; he flings his sword into the wood. Then King Ring tells him he was not sleeping but was pretending to sleep that he might prove Frithiof, whom he had known from the first evening of his sojourning in the palace. Ring gives up Ingeborg to Frithiof and dies soon after; Frithiof kills Helge in war and Halfdan pays King Frithiof tribute as his lord.

Tegnér makes old Ring kill himself instead of die "the straw death," and he makes Ingeborg bring about a reconciliation between Helge and her husband. Otherwise the abstract of the old Saga will serve as an abstract of the new. But the twenty-four ballads, each in a metre accordant with the spirit of the ballad, are full of details which we have not given. Obviously the poem is spirited and full of incidents. We are bound to say that in Mr. Blackley's translation much of the spirit and coloring disappears. Our extracts must be brief. This is the opening of the very spirited canto in which "Frithiof's Temptation" is described; first we give Mr. Blackley's version:

"Spring-time cometh; wild birds twitter, woods grow leafy, sunshine beams,  
Dancing, singing, down to ocean speed the liberated streams;  
Out from its bud the glowing rose peeps forth like blush on Freya's cheek;  
And joy of life, and mirth, and hope, within the breast of man awake."

Mr. Longfellow's is better done:

"Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,  
And the loosened torrents downward, singing, to the ocean run;  
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,  
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope."

Mr. Blackley appears to less advantage as we read on in this same canto and come to the king's pretended sleep and waking:

"Straight the old king, waking, quoth: 'Much rest did my short sleep afford;  
'Tis sweet to slumber in the shade, protected by a brave man's sword:  
But where, O stranger, is thy blade—the lightning's brother, whither sped?  
And who hath separated you, so little wont to separate?'"

"'It matters little,' Frithiof said, 'for swords are plenty in the North;  
Sharp-tongued is the blade, O king; no word of peace it speaketh forth:  
Within the steel doth evil dwell, a spirit dark from Niffelheim;  
Against him sleep no safety hath; grey hairs are but a snare to him.'"

And thus Mr. Longfellow:

"Straight the ancient king awakens. 'Sweet has been my sleep,' he said;  
'Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.  
But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's brother, where is he?  
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be?'"

"'It avails not,' Frithiof answered; 'in the North are other swords:  
Sharp, O monarch! is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words;  
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the Niffelheim;  
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them.'"

In another metre are these words of Frithiof's, who reminds himself, in the midst of the wintry storm at sea, of his summer voyage to meet Ingeborg. Mr. Blackley first:

"Fairer was our journey  
Beneath the shining moon,  
Over the mirrory ocean,  
To Balder's sacred grove.  
Warmer far than here  
Was Ingeborg's loving heart;  
Whiter than the sea-foam  
Heaved her gentle breast."

This is Mr. Longfellow's version:

"Fairer was the journey  
In the moonbeam's shimmer,  
O'er the mirrored waters  
Unto Balder's grove;  
Warmer than it here is,  
Close by Ingeborg's bosom;—  
Whiter than the sea-foam  
Swelled the maiden's breast."

The reader has seen what he may expect from Mr. Blackley in the matter of elegance and poetic feeling. Mr. Bayard Taylor, the editor, gives, however, conclusive reasons for his selection of Mr. Blackley's from the four English versions from which he had to choose. He alone preserves all the original metres, and his rendering, though it wants vigor, and though he has let the poetry in great part evaporate, yet, Mr. Taylor says, is done better than any of the others. Mr. Taylor furnishes a life of the poet, some account of the extant English versions of the poem, and a small body of notes mainly explanatory of mythological references occurring in the poem. In outward appearance the book is quite pleasing, as books issued by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are pretty sure to be. We must not forget to say that this work is the second of a uniform series of foreign poems which the publishers



intend to issue, provided the sale of the first three volumes warrant the further prosecution of the enterprise. "King René's Daughter" and "Frithiof's Saga" are already published. "Nathan the Wise," with Fischer's introductory essay, will be the next.

## NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER.

NO. XIV.

I REGRET to be obliged to interrupt again the regular order which I had adopted for this series, by postponing to a later period the actual enumeration of the words and classes of words beginning with the letter A. The practical difficulties of such an enumeration are both greater and more numerous than I expected, and I find a stronger reason for deferring this labor in the fact that the close scrutiny of forms, required for counting and discriminating the words, is so trying to the sight that I can only proceed very slowly with the task. I shall, therefore, for the present, go on with my etymological and critical notes, and resume the numerical computation at some more favorable season.

*Backsight*, in levelling, is defined as "the first reading of the levelling staff taken from any position of the levelling instrument." This, though given on very high authority, and though it is true, *e converso*, that "the first reading" at every station of the instrument is, not necessarily indeed, but usually, a *backsight*, is not a definition at all, but a mere statement of an accidental fact. A *backsight* is a sight or reading taken *backwards*; that is, in a direction opposite to that in which the levelling party is proceeding, and it would be just as much a *backsight* if the usual process were reversed and a foresight taken first, instead of the ordinary method.

*Backstone*, in provincial English, "The heated stone on which oat-cake is baked." It should have been noted that this is an archaic and local orthography and pronunciation of *bakestone*.

*Ballad*. The source of this word is rightly given; for there is no doubt that it is from Italian *ballare*, to dance; but as the connection between a short narrative poem and dancing is not obvious, the etymology is not complete without adding that in the Middle Ages the music for the dance was often a choir of young girls or other minstrels, who sang such poems to tunes adapted to the measures and movements of the dances then in vogue. Ingeman's Danish novels often refer to this practice.

*Ballast*. The etymologies proposed for this word, though generally accepted, are supported by no historical evidence, and are at best but plausible guesses. I have discussed the origin of this word at considerable length in the notes to the article "Ballast" in the American edition to Wedgwood's "Dictionary of English Etymology." Further research has not enabled me to add much to the facts thus collected. The earliest example of the word in English, in the collections of the London Philological Society, is of the year 1538; but, as I have observed in the note above referred to, *ballast* occurs in Palegrave, and *lastage* is found, in the same sense, in a MS. of unknown date, but supposed by Wright to belong to the latter part of the fifteenth century, printed in the "National Antiquities," Vol. I.

It is remarkable that no word having the signification of *ballast* occurs in either the Old Northern or the Anglo-Saxon language. The navigators of those nations seem to have depended on stowage of the ordinary cargo in such a way as to answer the purpose of ballasting, though it is difficult to suppose that the piratical cruisers of the Northern Vikings were fitted out with a sufficient supply of heavy goods or stores to serve as ballasting for vessels large enough for Mediterranean voyages, as well as for coasting trips on the rough Atlantic seas of North-western Europe.

I am inclined, upon the whole, to favor the Romance etymology suggested in my note in Wedgwood, though in this, as well as in the commonly accepted derivation, the first syllable is left without satisfactory explanation.

*Barker's Mill*. This contrivance is described as: "A vertical recoil water-wheel, in which the water moves the wheel from which it issues by reaction or counter pressure as it issues from the orifices." This definition is erroneous throughout. The hollow arms or tubes from which the water escapes, through lateral orifices, may or may not be so connected as to form a sort of wheel; but the plane in which they revolve is horizontal, while the tubular shaft alone is vertical. Nor is the motion of rotation produced by recoil, reaction, or counter pressure of any kind, but by the difference of hydrostatic pressure on the two sides of the revolving tubes, one of the sides being closed, the other having a lateral orifice, near the end, for the escape of the water. If we suppose this orifice to be equal to one-tenth of the lateral superficies of the tube, then, as there will be no pressure on the wall of the tube at the orifice, the lateral pressure on that whole side will be one-tenth less than on the opposite one, which is closed, and, of

course, there will be a tendency to move in a direction opposite to the now of the escape-water. But this effect is due to direct hydrostatic pressure on the section of the wall of the tube opposite the orifice, not to recoil, reaction, or counter pressure. Some have supposed, indeed, that the resistance of the air to the rush of the water as it escapes produces a reacting force which gives the motion. It is barely conceivable that such a cause may add something to the velocity of the revolution of the arms or tubes; but of itself it would be insufficient to overcome the combined resistance of the air on the other side and of friction at the bearings of the shaft.

*Barnacle*, in the sense of an "instrument with two branches" to put upon a horse's nose, and of "a pair of spectacles," is a different word from *barnacle* in natural history. Max Müller, in his second series of "Lectures on the Science of Language," has learnedly discussed the history of the word as used in ornithology and conchology. The earliest European example of *barnacle*, in the sense of an instrument of confinement or compression, is believed to be that which I cited from Joinville in my note on the article *Barnacle* in Wedgwood. It there signified an instrument of torture by compression. Later, from analogy of form and action, it acquired the meanings above cited from Webster. Joinville describes this method of torture as inflicted by the Arabs in Egypt upon prisoners taken in company with St. Louis, and there is no doubt that the word, as well as the invention, is Oriental, and that the Christian sons of St. Dominic are indebted to the Molems for one of the most efficient implements in the whole apparatus of the Inquisition. In Persian, *burundan* or *barandan* signifies to compress, to squeeze; *baranjah kardan*, to inflict torture, to afflict. In these words is found the source of Joinville's *bernicles*, whence the English word. (See Joinville, ed. Buchon, p. 179.)

*Baroko*. The origin of this technical term of mediæval scholasticism is worth explaining. In the systems of logic taught in the schools of that period the vowel A was used to designate a general affirmative proposition, E a general negative, I a particular affirmative, O a particular negative, and syllogisms were classed according to the character of the propositions which composed them. As a help to the memory in retaining this classification, barbarous words were coined, each containing three of the significant vowels in the order in which the propositions occurred in the syllogisms indicated by these words. Thus, *baroko* signified a syllogism consisting of one general affirmative and two particular negatives; *barbara* was a syllogism composed of three general affirmatives, and so of the rest. Syllogisms were said to be in *barbara*, in *celarent*, in *darii*, and so forth, according to their composition, and, as a further aid to the memory, these names were arranged in hexameters, thus: *Barbara, celarent, darii, ferio, barodipton*, which were learned by heart by the pupils.

*Barraek*. In my note on this word in the American edition of Wedgwood I have proved that it was in use in Catalan as far back as the thirteenth century, and these are the earliest examples of its occurrence yet cited. The Spaniards might readily have taken it from the Moors, but it is not probable that they borrowed it from the Celts, and, as I have shown in the same note, an acceptable Oriental etymology offers itself.

*Bate*, v. i., second meaning, "to penetrate, sink in." In support of this definition the following couplet from Spenser is cited:

"Yet there the steel staid not, but inly *bate*  
Deep in the flesh, and opened wide a red flood-gate."

It is obvious that in this passage *bate* is a preterite, and it is clearly nothing but the past tense of the common verb *to bite* spelt *bate*, for rhyme's sake, by a common Spenserian license.

*Bay, at*. The derivation suggested is plausible; but the corresponding Italian *stare a bada* and English *stand at gaze* tend very strongly to confirm Wedgwood's etymology. (See his Dict. of Eng. Etym., s. v.) Besides, *a bay* appears to be older in French than *aux abois*, and therefore could not have been derived from it. Littré's oldest example of this last phrase dates no earlier than the fifteenth century; but *a bay* is found in a MS. of the *Prie de Pampelune* of the fourteenth century, published by Mussafia, Vienna, 1864, v. 4, 602:

"Or preniés mîl Paiens des plus civalerous  
E tenés tant *a bay* ceus xij. vassaus prous  
Che i ne peusent monter en cival noir ne rous."

*Beadsman*. Bancroft, in the eighth volume of his "History of the United States," p. 38, employs *beadsman* in the ordinary sense of petitioners. I have reason to believe that he did not thus use this word unadvisedly, or without what he deemed sufficient warrant. In any event, the meaning he has given to *beadsman* ought to be introduced as one of its definitions.

*Beau ideal*. Both these words are originally adjectives; but persons not well versed in French are apt to imagine that *ideal* is the noun-element in this compound expression. The contrary is the fact, *beau* being used as a noun and *ideal* remaining an adjective.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

### THE EIGHT-HOUR MUDDLE.

THE value of our political system was never better displayed than in what is just now passing in the West. It has been all along impossible to convince the working-men that their plan of securing as much money and leisure as they need by cutting down their labor by one-fifth was delusive. Having once got hold of the idea, and having secured for it the attention of politicians and nominating conventions, they made up their minds to embody it in legislation at all hazards. The arguments of the political economists they treated with utter indifference, owing to the widely diffused notion that political economy and its laws are inventions of capitalists and their friends for the spoliation of the poor. Discussion of the matter was, therefore, useless. What was wanted was actual experiment on a scale large enough to display all that is essential to the process, and yet not large enough to seriously damage even for a day the national industry. Our State system supplies, as no other government in the world does, all that is necessary for such an experiment. If the eight-hour movement had sprung up in France or England, and had taken serious hold of the majority, and the Government had been forced into trying it, as the provisional government in Paris was compelled, in 1848, to try the national workshops, it would have been necessary to try it all over the country, and the loss and damage and disturbance caused by it would have been almost incalculable. Here delusions of this nature are pretty sure to reach a crisis in some one State before the others, and the legislature rushes at the experiment. The rest of the country then pauses and looks on; if it ends well, the other States follow the example thus set. If it ends ill, the agitation everywhere dies out. The politicians laugh and wink, and their dupes look cross, but go back quickly to their every-day work.

In the case of some of the popular movements, of course, experiment is unfortunately impossible. If the Fenian movement, for instance, could have been submitted to a crucial test on a small scale, it could not have survived half as long as it did, or have relieved the poor of so much of their cash, or have disgraced so many Republican orators and editors. If, for instance, one State could have been given up for a few weeks to Fenian government, the defects of Fenian institutions would have been made so plain that even the reporters of *The Tribune* and *The Herald* would have united in a protest against handing over either Canada or Ireland to the tender mercies of the "sons of thunder" who preside over the destinies of the Irish Republic. But the eight-hour question being luckily a domestic question, it has been possible to put it into the crucible of State legislation, and exhibit the result to the public at large.

It may seem strange that actual experiment should be necessary to convince men that nothing would be gained by enacting a law prohibiting a man from working more than eight hours a day unless he pleased, or that, if capitalists in one place were forced to give as much for eight hours' labor as capitalists in other places gave for ten hours' labor, they would take their departure, or that, the amount of wages depending partly on the aggregate amount of production, partly on the number of laborers, a laborer could pocket the same wages while doing less labor. Yet so it is. The experiment had to be tried; only in this way could the elementary truths which the newspapers have been preaching to the working-men for the last two years be brought home to their minds. They will now see how the thing works, how industry is affected by it, and how utterly irreconcilable it is with any sound social system—and there is little doubt that this will be the end of it. The experience of Illinois and Missouri will save the other States much loss and annoyance. But we see in all that is happening not only fresh arguments against the eight-hour law, but in favor of co-operation as the only remedy for the troubles between labor and capital.

Political economy is not taught in our schools, and it is not the kind of reading to which the mass of the people take readily in after

life. Therefore, we despair of seeing, at least for a long time to come, the economical errors which most beset working-men dissipated by reading or reflection. But actual experience would dissipate them, and in a country which is, as ours is, largely governed by working-men, it is of the last importance that they should be dissipated somehow. If, therefore, laborers could be put, as they would be put under the co-operative system, in the position of capitalists, they would see for themselves where wages come from, what the necessities of capital are, how it is created, how preserved, how lost; and they would get over forever the notion, which is at the bottom of the eight-hour delusion, that the less a laborer can work the better for himself, and that all that he can wring from capitalists, whether by threats or combinations, is so much clear gain. Co-operation is, in short, the next great step in the education and social elevation of working-men; and all lovers of the country or the race ought to hasten its adoption by every means in their power.

### INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS.

THE nomination of Henry Ward Beecher for the New York Convention was a significant event in American politics, the value of which must not be overlooked simply because, in a district strongly opposed to him in politics, he was defeated at the polls. No one familiar with the district entertains a doubt that his name drew out hundreds of voters for the entire ticket of his party; and it is certain that his personal friends furnished three-fourths of the men and means employed in the canvass, which, but for them, must have gone by default. The fact that he ran but slightly ahead of his ticket misleads persons who do not study the ways of politicians. Nineteen candidates out of twenty who ran largely in advance of their ticket gain their additional votes by corrupt bargains with the managers of the adverse party; and to such means Mr. Beecher's friends would not resort. The voters whom they brought out voted for the whole ticket, although their chief motive in voting at all was to support their particular favorite. Assuming, then, what we know to be the fact, that Mr. Beecher's candidature largely helped the ticket upon which his name was placed, we think the circumstances deserve special consideration and warrant some hopeful inferences.

The objections to Mr. Beecher's availability, in the view commonly taken by politicians, were many and grave. His vocation as a clergyman was an unqualified drawback. Although all who have carefully reflected upon the subject are satisfied that the objections usually urged against clerical candidates have no application to the election of a constitutional convention, yet the mass of voters draw no such distinctions, and many Republicans hesitated to vote for a clergyman, while the Irish crowded to the polls in the afternoon swearing loudly against "church and state." All the circumstances indicate that in New York, at any rate, public sentiment is strongly opposed to the election of clergymen to any kind of office. The Cleveland letter of course still ranked in the memory of Radicals, while Mr. Beecher's doctrine of universal suffrage for males and females, natives and foreigners, white and black, was utterly repugnant to Conservatives. Altogether, it is not probable that one hundred voters in his district agreed with Mr. Beecher in all his political theories, or would have endorsed half his public speeches and letters during the previous year.

Yet nearly six thousand men voted for this candidate, hundreds of whom were drawn out solely by their desire to vote for him. A number of his friends worked zealously for his election, although differing from him more widely than some who voted against him. And thus it happened that a man of singularly unpopular opinions excited more enthusiasm and polled a larger vote than could have been done by any candidate whose opinions were in perfect unison with those of his party, and only failed of entire success owing to his profession.

The lesson which we draw from this occurrence is, that the people may be trusted more safely than politicians generally suppose with candidates of independent character and of ability to form their own opinions. But even if this inference should be denied, on the ground that one of the nineteen candidates on Mr. Beecher's ticket ran fifty votes ahead of him (although this really proves nothing against our argument), yet we rejoice that the experiment of nominating such a



man has been made, and that it has at least been demonstrated that nothing has been *lost* by doing so, even if no immediate benefit to the party has been gained. For, under the pressure of party discipline and the stress of party necessities, the qualifications of candidates have of late years become two-fold—first, that they must unqualifiedly believe all that their party believes; and secondly, that they must not believe anything else. The least reflection should satisfy every one that under such a rule hypocrites and inferior men must have almost a monopoly of office, and that the people must be deprived of that leadership which they so much crave in times of trial. A party creed represents the views of the average of the party, not the best or wisest of its members. Men of real ability always differ more or less from their party, and indeed from each other; since it is almost impossible for any two minds, independently studying a subject so vast and complex as that which we call politics, to arrive at precisely the same conclusions upon all the questions involved. Let the reader think if he knows any two men, whose judgment he respects, who have studied the subjects, and whose opinions agree precisely upon the questions of slavery, the right of suffrage, reconstruction, confiscation, protection or free trade, Fenianism, currency expansion or contraction, the eight-hour law, and the elective judiciary. Consider how many details are included in each of these subjects and how many shades of opinion there are in respect to each, and the idea of perfect harmony of views between a party and its candidates upon all these details becomes absurd. The ablest, most honest, and most efficient men are precisely those whose divergence from the party track upon minor issues will always be most notorious. Ignorant and lazy men will let the party think for them, hypocrites will falsify, and cowards will suppress their real opinions; and under the ordinary system, these will be the most favored candidates before nominating conventions. The tendency is, therefore, toward the choice of representatives even lower than the average of the party.

Surely no argument can be needed to prove that the public interest, and even the interest of a party, would be better served by the election of a higher class of men. In the early days of the late war the Northern people were frantic for a leader. But they had diligently weeded out leaders from the field of public service for years before, and had compelled even the few who remained to accustom themselves to reticence and timidity. It was not surprising, therefore, that in a time of need leaders fit for the duty were not to be found.

We do not wish to see the American people blindly accept the leadership of any man or men, however able. But the election of first-class men would not imply any such result. On the contrary, their opinions would be greatly conflicting, and the people would be all the better prepared and disposed to decide public questions for themselves, after such topics had been fully discussed by their representatives. Such discussions would educate the public mind, and tend to develop and establish correct doctrines, to a degree which can never be expected from the generation of third-rate men now for the most part occupying public offices.

The American people can be and ought to be accustomed to support men of genius and independence, content with a general concord of views upon the issues of chief importance at the time of election. Such candidates only will reward the confidence of their constituents and the exertions of their friends; and, as a rule, such candidates are really the most available, since the enthusiasm which they arouse among their own party is generally more than a compensation for the alienation of a few narrow-minded persons or for the increased activity of the adverse party. And nothing will have such a healthy influence upon political affairs as the introduction into public life of the most able, and therefore most independent, men.

#### CONFISCATION.

MR. THADDEUS STEVENS's late criticism on Senator Wilson's performances at the South, taken in connection with the language of the Hunnicutt Radicals in Virginia, can hardly be said to be improving reading for the freedmen. Mr. Stevens rates Senator Wilson very severely for going about promising the admission of Southern members to Con-

gress from such States as may reorganize under the Reconstruction act, and asks "who authorized him to go round peddling amnesty?" As for Mr. Stevens himself, his message to the South is that there must be "a little confiscation for the most guilty," and for all—whatever Congress likes to give them, the Reconstruction act to the contrary notwithstanding. He confesses, however, that this message is of his own composition and binds nobody but himself, so that as a prophet or a preacher he stands no higher than Mr. Wilson, while as a peddler he stands somewhat lower, for of two unlicensed peddlers most people will prefer the peddler of amnesty to the peddler of confiscation. Mr. Stevens, in spite of his modesty, however, evidently considers his letter a kind of party manifesto, and we observe that some Radical papers are inclined to treat it as such. Should it prove so, and receive a fair amount of concurrence from the Radical wing of the Republican party, we should find next fall that the labors of the last two years, in which Mr. Stevens has borne such a prominent part, had been absolutely thrown away. The Reconstruction act would have little or no value except as a specimen of legislative ingenuity and as an evidence of the power of Congress. It would not have brought us one whit nearer to reconstruction, and we should find ourselves launched on a new agitation, and a far more embittering one than we have yet had; for the negroes would be in the field, and the subject of controversy would be that most exciting of all subjects of controversy, men's title to their property.

We were of opinion when Lee laid down his arms that a small number of the principal leaders of the rebellion should have been tried for treason, and if convicted should have been executed, and their property confiscated. In other words, we were in favor of "making treason odious" by treating it before the world as a criminal offence, and this done, we advocated the reorganization of the States by the votes of the whole population, black as well as white, under the direction of Congress, providing, however, for the disfranchisement of a large portion of the most prominent promoters of the war. Nobody, however, was punished for treason, and nobody will be punished for it. Treason has not been "made odious" anywhere but in the newspapers and on the stump, and it is now too late for anybody to be brought to trial for it. It is even to be hoped that Jefferson Davis's trial may not take place, for it is sure to be a sorry farce, and to make loyalty seem ridiculous. We are opposed, as every reflecting man must be, to confiscation in cold blood by act of Congress. Confiscation if done by legislation should be done in hot blood, as an act of war, as wholesale killing is done while the enemy is in the field. But confiscation in cold blood, by means of a bill of pains and penalties, long after the fighting is over, without the intervention of a judge or jury, merely as a piece of vengeance inflicted by the majority on a conquered minority, would be an innovation which we trust and believe the people will never permit. If we were going to confiscate at all, we ought to have done all we sought to do under the acts passed for this purpose during the war, and through judicial process. To set about taking away their property from the rebels now, or even from any considerable part of them, would not only spread a universal feeling of insecurity through the South and increase the paralysis by which the industry of that unfortunate region is afflicted, but would win for us throughout the civilized world the character of obdurate barbarians.

There is one other reason for which we object to this talk of confiscation, and it is a stronger one than any, and that is—the fact that the negroes of the South will, if confiscation should take place, be expected and be entitled to share in bringing it about, and Mr. Sumner and others have even had the extraordinary imprudence—we might use a still stronger word—to suggest that they ought to profit by it. Now, we hold it to be the bounden duty of all men, whose character or position gives them any influence over the freedmen, to teach them no lessons, now that they are fairly armed with the ballot, but those of peace and good-will and it would be hard to denounce too strongly the conduct of those who, on whatever pretext, suggest to them, just as they are crossing the political threshold, that there are other ways of securing comfort or riches than honest industry, than the hard labor of the hands or of the brain. Any politician who does this is not only the enemy of the negro, but the enemy of the country, and there has been enough of it done already by those who ought to know better to call down on

them the indignation of all who do not want to see the laboring population at the South converted into a wretched mob living by their votes. We owe the freedman political rights, the means of education, and ample protection for his person and property; but we owe him nothing else; and God forbid he should ever be cheated into the belief that any man has any claim upon his government for anything but these things. The suggestion that he ought to have a farm given him, even out of the Government lands, on any terms except those on which they are given to white men, we consider mischievous in the highest degree. We have had enough, and he has had enough, of these distinctions, in all conscience. We believe neither in treating him as a beast of burden nor as a spoiled child. He is a man, and must make his own way as a man; he must, now that he is launched into free life, learn its hard lessons as other poor men learn them, learn that respect comes from character, and wealth comes from industry. But the suggestion that not only he ought to have a farm, but that it would not be a bad plan to provide him with it by taking the land from his white neighbors, is neither more nor less than a lesson in spoliation which it is utterly disgraceful that any intelligent or upright American should offer him.

When one reads some of the disquisitions on the expediency of confiscation on an extensive scale to which some public men have treated us, one begins to doubt whether the lessons of history are really of any use whatever in politics. The wholesale confiscation of the property of political enemies, of traitors if you will, and double-dyed traitors at that, has been tried over and over, and it has never yet served any good purpose. It has in every case in which it has been carried out unsettled property, paralyzed industry, and bred heart-burnings and hatreds which centuries of good government have not been sufficient to wipe out. The North has now no interest in exasperating the Southern whites. It has every interest, on the contrary, in hastening the extinction of the passions and prejudices by which Southern society is torn. The surest way and the only way to do this is to elevate the negro by giving him education and a share in the Government. To make him the recipient of alms, either by grant from the public treasury or by the spoliation of the whites, is to degrade him, unsettle his mind, and give him false notions of the workings of free society. No man's recommendation of a scheme of this kind, neither Mr. Stevens's nor Mr. Sumner's, can make it anything but odious and dangerous; for the experience of all ages, of all nations and all races, the teachings both of religion and humanity, stamp it with reprobation the minute it is proposed. Why, when there is so much serious, honest work to be done, Mr. Stevens should continue to employ his brain and tongue upon it at his age, and with his real capacity for better things, passes our comprehension.

#### THE LAST BACKSLIDER.

EX-GOVERNOR ANDREW, of Massachusetts, as everybody knows, made an elaborate argument, a few weeks ago, before a legislative committee in Boston, against prohibition and in favor of a license system. He made it as counsel, and was paid, and paid well for it; but we may presume it expressed his real sentiments, and went over the whole ground of the liquor controversy with a minuteness and elaboration never before witnessed. The majority in the State, however, if not in the Legislature, being on the side of prohibition, and Governor Andrew's argument not having made the desired impression on them, the gentleman himself is rapidly drifting towards the fate which seems in these days to be reserved with greater and greater frequency for everybody who has a mind of his own and ventures to express it on what anybody else chooses to call a "moral question." Large numbers of Mr. Andrew's friends and admirers are weeping over him as a "lost pleiad," a backslider, a renegade, and what not. He thinks that whiskey-drinking cannot be stopped by law, and that even if it could, the law had better not attempt to do it; and for this belief he has given some hundreds of reasons, and supported them by some hundreds of authorities. The majority think it can be stopped, and that, whether it can or not, the law ought to try; and will have it, that whether it ought or not, is a question of morals. The subject is one on which it is quite safe to say an assemblage of the greatest sages, apostles,

prophets, jurists, and legislators which have existed from the Seven Wise Men down to Emerson and John Stuart Mill, would, could it be collected, differ to a dead certainty, because the question which lies at the bottom of the liquor agitation is one which has divided philosophers and jurists since philosophy first began and laws were first made, and which, we are quite satisfied, will not be decided for ages to come. Each generation will have its own views on the subject. The proper limits of the province of government undergo every twenty or thirty years a new definition. Thirty years ago the theory, both here and in England, was that government ought to do nothing but protect a man's life and property; at present the other theory, that it ought to do everything for him that it can do, is daily rising into favor. Which of the two will be uppermost thirty years hence nobody knows, because their respective advance or decline is dependent on a thousand influences, social and political, which nobody can foresee or regulate.

The inference to be drawn from this diversity of sentiment is not certainly that the truth cannot be got at, or at all events approached sufficiently close for all practical purposes, but that differences of opinion, provided they are honest, ought to be not only tolerated but respected. There is probably no question in the whole range of jurisprudence surrounded by greater difficulties than the question of the extent to which the law ought to control a man's private conduct, and a safe conclusion on it, if it ever be reached at all, can only be reached by experiment and patient investigation and discussion. Nobody is justified, therefore, in treating a divergence from the prevailing view on this subject as a moral offence or as a cause for withdrawing respect or esteem from a public man unless he is sure himself that he is in possession of the truth, and this, with all due respect for the majority in Massachusetts as well as elsewhere, we venture to say it cannot be, and has no business to think itself.

The practice of acting as if it had this certainty, and hunting down, as immoral and degraded, even men who have proved the excellence of their principles and the thorough uprightness of their character by long years of noble service, has been more general than it is; but it is general enough still to make it desirable that all men of thought and courage should make a vigorous stand against it. If they do not, before long we shall witness the inauguration in politics of the reign of simple brass and imbecility. The majority, we believe, in the long run governs better than any other body can govern; but it is sometimes wrong and sometimes mistaken, and the only way it can possibly avoid being very often wrong and often mistaken, is by encouraging individuals, and especially individuals distinguished for their virtues and capacity, to think and speak freely. At all events, unless the majority is prepared to do this, it ought to imitate the Roman praetor, and announce at the beginning of every year how it is going to decide on all questions, known and unknown, that may come up. As matters stand at present, men who have to write and speak are left in the most painful perplexity. New points present themselves every month on which some opinion must be expressed. If a man were safe in thinking out his conclusions, and then uttering them, of course all he would need to save him harmless would be honesty, industry, and average brain. But nowadays honesty and painstaking do not in the least atone for a blunder. Let him who makes it be who he may, let him have ever so many noble scars on breast or face, he is handed over to the lictors of the party press, and by these worthies bound, scourged, and flung from the Tarpeian rock. Last year this public flogging of an old soldier was performed by Horace Greeley in Henry Ward Beecher's case, and then within a few months, as if to show how little virtue or talents or learning or services or integrity had to do with party support or indulgence, the executioner was seen trotting about in triumph with P. T. Barnum on his shoulders, and extolling him to the skies as the favorite of the gods.

About the time of Mr. Beecher's fall, Adjutant-General Schouler, of Massachusetts, had the misfortune to think and say that Benjamin Butler was not a good man to send to Congress. The majority of the electors thought differently and elected him, and thereupon Governor Bullock dismissed the Adjutant-General, in spite of long and valuable services to the State and the nation in trying and evil days, in a letter which claimed for the majority a supremacy hardly inferior to that claimed for the imperial will by the Roman lawyers in the worst days of the em-



pire. Whether the general or the majority was right about Mr. Butler's qualifications as a legislator is, perhaps, not yet clearly determined; but it is quite safe to say that a man may be a good citizen and an honest member of the Republican party, and yet think Mr. Butler at least as near his proper post in Boston as in Washington.

The evil will doubtless, in the long run, work its own cure, but it is about time for the cure to begin. We live by free speech and free thought. If these were not the foundations of our political system, nor treated as such, the country would not be worth living in; and we cannot afford to have them touched or meddled with. Nor can we afford to have every eminent man in the country made a target of every time he chooses to think differently from his fellows on questions of means. Lives of devotion to the great principles of truth, of justice, and mercy, do more for the discouragement of vice than any act the legislature can pass, because they form public taste and public sentiment, without the support of which all acts are inoperative.

### AFRICAN ROMANCE.

WE fear that the death of Dr. Livingstone must be accepted with merely the shadow of a reservation. Dr. Kirk having examined the Yohanna men who had succeeded in escaping back to Zanzibar has evidently no doubts about the matter, and as he accompanied the great explorer through the hostile tribe in question, he is peculiarly competent to give an opinion upon the matter. We are aware that the natives of Eastern Africa, whether Arabs or negroes, are not remarkable for their veracity; but as Dr. Livingstone was travelling without a white companion the news could arrive at the coast only through such channels, and the evidence appears to us to be as strong as under the circumstances it possibly could be. Sir Roderick Murchison disbelieves it; Sir Henry Rawlinson calls it a lame story; and Sir Samuel Baker is firmly convinced of its truth. But however distinguished these gentlemen may be, their opinions are worthless in comparison with that of Dr. Kirk, who will probably proceed at once to the scene of the alleged catastrophe. Till somebody does this nothing more positive is likely to be ascertained; Sir Roderick may cling to his straw, as Mungo Park's friends did during twenty years after the first rumor of his death, and as some persons still believe that Vogel is retained a prisoner in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo.

It was Dr. Livingstone's intention in this last journey to proceed at first to Lake Tanganyika, and to ascertain its drainage; then to proceed northward to the two Nyanzas; and so, having explored the whole lake system of Central Africa, to present a summary of the great discoveries of Burton, Baker, and Speke. This task would have been beyond his abilities as a geographer, but not as an explorer, had he directed his energies exclusively to it; but we have reason to believe that by attacking the slave coffles he had excited the hostility of various inland tribes, and deeply as we sympathize with the noble motives which prompted him to such an act, yet we think that considerations for his own safety and for the safety of the numerous travellers who sooner or later will follow in his footsteps should have induced him to prefer persuasion against an evil which has existed in that country, as is shown by the monuments of Egypt, for several thousand years. As for the Baron Von Decken, who was killed in one of the rivers of Eastern Africa about a year ago, he had determined not to submit to black-mail, but to fight his way. Now this is all very well from the European point of view; but the African believes that the country which he inhabits is his own property, and under the influence of that delusion he has been in the habit of making revenue out of the native traders who pass through it. The white man, as the more wealthy, is the more highly taxed; sometimes the toll is exorbitant and approaches extortion. But the instances are unknown in which open plunder is resorted to. The African prince has a commodity to dispose of—the right of way, and he can scarcely be blamed if he tries to get a good price for it. Von Decken would not pay toll, so the Africans shut the turnpike gates. He tried to force his way through them, and was slain by a simple-minded but not unjust people. If a traveller has an objection to paying for things more than they are worth, he should keep clear of old-fashioned English hotels and African princedoms. But because he is overcharged for his wax candles, he has no right to shoot the head waiter without even requesting the landlord, as the Irish gentleman did, to put him down in the bill.

A certain amount of interest would naturally be felt throughout the civilized world in an undertaking of Dr. Livingstone's, but we are inclined to believe that the African mania has died out for the present. Since Sir Samuel Baker's achievement, nothing has risen up in Africa to excite public curios-

ity; there no longer remains a great problem to be solved. It may interest our readers if we take advantage of this pause to give a brief retrospect of African exploration.

It may be regarded as a three-volume novel, and we now shut up the second without having a very clear notion of what the third is to be, or at least without being able to divine how the inevitable results are to be brought about. The first volume we shall entitle *The Niger* and the second *The Nile*.

It was towards the end of the last century that accounts were brought to England through various Arab traders, sea captains in the slave trade, and his Majesty's consuls that a great river existed in Central Africa. The mysterious city of Timbuctoo was situated on its shores, and its stream was covered with two-masted vessels, carrying that trade which supplied the Sahara caravans. Now, it was required to find not the sources of this river, but its mouth. None of the Arab traders knew where it was; it is doubtful whether many of them do to this day. Some said it went into a lake, others declared it joined the Nile, others believed that it ran into a red-hot desert of sand beneath the equator and went out with a hiss. Some geographers adopted those various doctrines, which were supported by the testimony of the ancient geographers, to whom the *Niger* was well known by name; others believed that the Senegal and the Gambia were its mouths; others that it debouched in the South Atlantic as the Congo; and a German who pointed to the delta in the Bight of Benin, a delta larger than that of the Ganges, was at first greatly derided. But before this hypothesis had been confirmed by the discovery of Lander, it had been almost universally embraced by men of science. Sir Joseph Banks, the companion of Captain Cook, and then president of the Royal Society, founded the "African Association for the Promotion of Discovery in Africa." It was largely patronized by that class of gentlemen, always numerous in England, who love to encourage enterprise and adventure for itself alone; by the merchants, who hoped to introduce their vessels into that river which was the artery of the rich Soudan; by the religious body, who saw that a new field for proselytism was about to be opened; and by those who, already commencing the noble crusade against the traffic in human flesh, believed that a lawful commerce might be substituted for it.

The first man who presented himself as a volunteer was an American named Ledyard, whose biography has been so admirably written by Mr. Jared Sparks. He died on the threshold, having entered Africa, and that was all. Burkhardt made a preparatory journey to Mecca and Medina, a trial-trip which has given him immortality. He died, like Ledyard, while waiting for a caravan. Mungo Park succeeded in reaching the Niger, and came back with very erroneous ideas about its mouth. He went out again with a large party—the most fatal of all systems—and was killed on the Niger itself. Then comes a dreadful catalogue of deaths, till, finally, Lander succeeded in following the river down to the sea.

This was in 1831, and the result appeared satisfactory to the mercantile interest. The Niger is navigable by large vessels to a greater distance than any other African river, not even excepting the Nile. But, after all, that is not saying much, and hitherto it has proved only the burial-place of money and of men. Its shores are unhealthy in the extreme, and as the negroes near the coast get their living by acting as middle-men between the traders and the people of the interior, they regard all efforts to ascend the river as unprincipled intrusions. They allowed various exploring vessels to "see the river," as they call it, without opposition, on condition that those vessels did not trade. But those promises were violated frequently enough, and the "treacherous savage" now opposes all alike. The trade of the river has not been developed to any great extent; it is still essentially of a second-class character, and British merchants consider it an all but hopeless channel. A Christian mission was sent out there once on a very grand scale, and nearly everybody died. The Government, a few years ago, established a consulate *pro tem.*, and Dr. Baitrie was appointed. He lived there for some time, collected zoological specimens of value, made various trips into the interior which will presently be published, married a great number of African ladies, and refused stoutly to go home whenever the Government sent a man-of-war for him. At last the climate began to tell upon his constitution; he consented to return, but died at Sierra Leone, on his way back, in 1865.

In spite of all this, it is an incontestable fact that the Niger is, commercially speaking, a fine river. It flows through a country in which cotton is extensively grown, where it is even manufactured; its mineral resources have not yet been examined, but it is known to be exceedingly rich in gold; and it is inhabited by a shrewd and intelligent people, traders to a man, and who, under the influences of the Mohammedan religion, are rising far above the level of the palm-wine-drinking, fetich-loving savage. It is doubt

ful, however, whether the British are destined to reap the reward of their own discoveries. The French are advancing towards Central Africa from two opposite points, as the Pacific Railroad is advancing towards the Rocky Mountains at once from San Francisco and New York. They have the nucleus of a great military empire in Algeria, and another in the Senegal. Both are increasing more rapidly than is generally supposed. The Gambia, a British colony, is already surrounded by French posts, and a line of block-houses is being protruded towards the Niger and Timbuctoo.

The second volume opens up a fresh series of characters and leads us into entirely different scenes. The first is, so to speak, out of print; but the second must be fresh in all our readers' minds. Passing over the efforts of the Romans to discover the sources of the Nile, and the obscure relations of the Portuguese Jesuits in Abyssinia, we find the first chapter occupied by the glorious Bruce. A clever reviewer lately acknowledged that he was afraid of saying what he really thought about Mr. Swinburne's talents on account of the famous blunder respecting Lord Byron in *The Edinburgh Review*. In the same manner the ill-used African traveller of the present day reminds the public of Bruce, and appeals to the judgment of posterity. It is certain that the adventures of Baron Munchausen, which were written as a parody on that gentleman's travels, and which are now devoured by a generation who never saw his book, "ought to be a lesson to us all." But we must beg to remind the reader that no man ever imposed upon the public, unconsciously perhaps, more glaringly than Bruce. He discovered the sources of the Blue Nile, and when D'Anville and other geographers ventured to assert that the White Nile was the larger stream, he chose to be excessively indignant. Indeed, we doubt whether any allusion to the Nile proper is to be found in the six volumes which Horace Walpole found so "dear and dull." The truth came out at last, but a generation passed away before anything more was done. Twenty years ago the farthest point towards the great lakes had been reached by an Egyptian, Ibrahim Khasef, who went with a slave-hunting expedition about thirty days' journey into the interior from Khartoum. It was only yesterday that we were all as ignorant of the sources of the Nile as the Cæsars were, and no European geographer ever made so good a guess about them as Ptolemy did. Even Speke declared that he had "hit the Nile on the head and driven it into the Mediterranean Sea." He would not believe that the other lake, which Baker discovered after his death, entered into the question at all, though it is now shown to be the more important basin of the two.

Here endeth the second volume, and what is to be the third? We believe that the romantic period of African travel has come to a close. Some strange animal, some new inland sea, some snowy mountain, some fiery volcano, some strange race of men may yet be discovered in this extraordinary land, but we shall never have again such delightful puzzles of adventure as the mouth of the Niger and the sources of the Nile—splendid mysteries which excited the same speculations among the geographers of Egypt, of Athens, and of Rome, of London, Paris, and Berlin; never again will the same topic, as far as Africa is concerned, be discussed in a play by Æschylus, in verses by Lucretius, and in a leader of the *London Times*. The climax of romance in African travel has been also reached. An artist (Mr. Baines) has painted in oil the Victoria Falls, the African Niagara; and a young and pretty woman has walked into the heart of Africa and drunk of the waters of eternal fame.

The great volume of the future will open with very different scenes. The discoveries of scientific travellers in a huge country which, for the sciences, is completely unexplored; then new developments, manias, and emigrations; huge colonies, independent states, log-huts, saw-mills, big hotels, native wars, Africans "not taxed," treaties, cessions of territory, a grand trunk railway connecting Cairo, Algiers, Timbuctoo, and the Cape of Good Hope; the Nyanzas spilled into canals joining the Niger and the Nile, the equatorial forest shipped off as lumber, elephant preserves and hippopotami waters; and perhaps, if posterity is not ungrateful, a statue to Dr. Livingstone by the shores of the Nyassa Lake.

### A FRENCH SKETCH OF AN AMERICAN GIRL.

MAURICE SAND has begun a tale in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* entitled "Miss Mary," and intended to be, apparently, a picture of American life and manners, and especially of the manners of American girls. Miss Mary Sewell, the heroine, aged twenty, is the daughter of a rich New Yorker who speculates more or less in anything which promises well, as all rich New Yorkers do, and lives in Fifth Avenue, in the third brown-stone house from the Central Park. At the opening of the story he is very much interested in Lake Superior copper mines, and greatly excited by a huge lump of ore which has been sent on to Washington from that region, but which Miss

Mary pronounces "a hum bug." To make sure, he starts out in search of M. Henri de Montaret, a young French mining engineer, a gentilhomme, and a man of perfect manners, who has arrived two days before to explore the mining regions on behalf of a French company, and finds him in a bar-room in Greenwich Street, dressed in a coat of grey velvet over a red shirt, a belt round his waist, and a geologist's hammer stuck in it, pantaloons to match the coat, big boots up to his knees, and a grey wide-awake hat. Having transacted his business with him in a series of epigrams, in which the Frenchman, of course, had the best of it, the latter strolls out to walk about the city, and finds himself in the course of an hour on board the Staten Island ferry-boat. At this moment arrives Miss Mary, attired in white muslin, a white sack, and a straw hat, alone in an open phaeton, with a pair of ponies driven by herself; runs the pole of the phaeton against Montaret, and sets him swearing. On seeing the graceful apparition in the carriage he takes her for a person of light character, not knowing the usages of the country, and "chaffs" her a little in French, to which she replies in the same language and without the least accent. After some further conversation she finds out he is the young engineer her father had gone out to consult, and invites him to get into the phaeton and pay some visits with her on Staten Island. On the way she learns that her father had asked him to dinner on the following day, whereupon she enquires whether he will not change his clothes and wear a black coat and white cravat, which he promises to do, and in answer to further queries gives her a little epitome of his own biography and account of his reasons for coming to America.

On reaching Staten Island they drive to the house of Arabella Williams, opera singer, to whom Miss Sewell introduces the engineer, and who perceives that in spite of his strange costume he is a thorough gentleman. They stay to lunch, at which the conversation turns on pastry, cotton, and theology, but as the company is composed of five Episcopalians, three Baptists, and two Unitarians and a Universalist, they cannot agree on the subject of religion. M. de Montaret, the engineer, is, however, greatly taken by Arabella's arms and neck, and is quite overcome when Miss Mary took off her sack and displayed herself also in low neck and short sleeves. This at first astonished him, but he recollects that this is the custom of the country, and that she might do the same thing in the open air at a promenade without astonishing anybody. Before they leave the house Arabella is in love with the engineer and jealous of Miss Mary. After a drive round the island they are upset in a thunder-storm, smash the phaeton, miss the last ferry-boat, and have to come up to New York in a row-boat, reaching the Battery at two in the morning, a circumstance which M. de Montaret thinks likely to damage Miss Mary's reputation, and communicates his fear to the young lady herself, but she assures him that this is a mistake, and asks what she has to fear in his company. He swears to her that she has nothing whatever to fear, as he loves her too much not to respect her. Whereupon she enquires if he loves her already, and on learning that he does, warns him that he does not know her well enough, and asks if he would like to marry her. He says he would; but on hearing that he would have, in compliance with the American custom, to be first engaged to her for a year or two, declares that two years would be an eternity. Some conversation follows on the subject of Arabella Williams, from which it plainly appears that Miss Mary in her turn is going to be jealous of Arabella—who, by the way, sings in Grace Church. On landing they walk up to Miss Mary's brown-stone house near the Central Park, arm in arm.

On the following morning, when M. de Montaret wakes in his hotel, he finds a black valet in his room arranging his things, having been sent by Miss Mary for that purpose; and, on going to the dinner at her father's that evening, finds all the male guests wearing black satin vests and very high, stiff shirt-collars—his own costume being, however, irreproachable. The conversation at table runs entirely on mines. After dinner there was a ball, at which Arabella made her appearance, and paid marked attention to M. de Montaret, which Miss Mary perceiving, engages him for the next and every other dance during the evening. Arabella Williams is rendered so furious by the turn things have taken that, on finding that after having heard her sing at the opera he did not go behind the scenes to see her, she wrote him the following note, on rose-colored paper, on the following day:

"You would never believe, Monsieur, how much pain you have caused me by your indifference. Why did you not come behind the scenes to salute me last evening after having heard me? You were alone, and nobody prevented you from coming. Know that I sang for you; but I must either have very little talent, or have displeased you much, that you should show me so little courtesy. I am wounded by it in my pride and self-love. You are, nevertheless, a well-bred man, and I do not understand your forgetfulness. Allow me to attribute this want of attention to timidity, and come this evening at 4 o'clock to Staten Island to present the excuses, which, as a woman and as an artist, I have a right to demand of you."

"ARABELLA WILLIAMS."



This letter miscarries and falls into the hands of Miss Mary, who, when taking a drive in her dog-cart that afternoon in Central Park, meets Arabella, cuts her dead, and flings the note at her feet. Arabella nearly fainted when she saw the note, but goes off vowing vengeance.

Within a few days Mr. Sewell determines to start for Lake Superior with M. de Montaret, and Miss Mary makes up her mind to go with them; but her father would not allow her to go further than Cleveland, Ohio. On Miss Mary's mentioning to M. de Montaret that she had secured the privilege of making at least half the journey with him, "Ah, dear Mary," cries that gentleman, "would that Cleveland were at the end of the world!" During the journey on the "Central Road," M. de Montaret was terribly annoyed by the publicity of the American cars. Mr. Sewell, to do him justice, would have given a million for a separate compartment for his party, but he could not have it. Consequently, although the usages of the country would have authorized M. de Montaret to make violent love to Miss Mary the whole way, his French modesty (*pudeur toute française*), coupled with the fact that he had not obtained Mr. Sewell's permission, condemns him to an excessive reserve. At Cleveland things come to a crisis. Mr. Sewell leaves the young people at the station while he goes to look after the baggage. They walk up and down the track, addressing each other more and more tenderly, when suddenly Mary puts a ring on Henri's finger—her mother's ring. He kisses it fervently; she cries, "Now you are my fiancé!" he presses her to his bosom, and is just kissing her when a locomotive comes up and drives them off the track. Soon after they part.

The story is to be continued in the next number, which we look for with a good deal of interest, and congratulate M. Sand very cordially on the success of his first chapter. We presume he has visited America, but he cannot have been here very long; and how he got the intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the natives, and, above all, with the ways of thinking and speaking peculiar to American young women which he displays in his portraiture of Miss Sewell, we cannot for the life of us imagine, or, rather, we could not imagine if we did not know how little genius stands in need of knowledge. We hope he will, before the story closes, touch off the custom now so common, especially among New England girls, of attending prize-fights and betting on the result, as well as that other growing custom of carrying concealed weapons and forcing men to marry them by threats of personal violence. We doubt if any native moralist has power enough to put down these dreadful but not unnatural results of Puritan training, and of the great freedom accorded in this country to young women from their earliest years. They need the lash of an acute foreign observer, and, unless we are greatly mistaken in our man, he has appeared in the person of M. Sand.

## Fine Arts.

### FORTY-SECOND EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

#### SECOND NOTICE.

In the great south room of the Exhibition are two very large landscapes, the one by Mr. Huntington, the other by Mr. Kensett. They occupy very important places, one in the post of honor in the middle of the south wall, the other upon the as prominent though not so well lighted wall of the east end. Mr. Huntington's, No. 479, is "Chocorua Peak;" Mr. Kensett's, No. 446, is of "White Mountain Scenery."

We give half of our space this week to the consideration of Mr. Bierstadt's large picture, "The Domes of the Yo Semite," which is on exhibition at another place for the benefit of the Southern Relief Fund. These three pictures invite comparison between them not only on account of their size and their (consequent) great importance in popular estimation, but also on account of a certain resemblance in the way of rendering the aspect of external nature, considered as an assemblage of variously modified colors. Although our landscape school, compared with the school that influences our painters the most, the French, is bright and pure in color, it is yet incomplete and imperfect in this: that but few of our landscape painters study, as truths of primary importance, the combined colors of the whole landscape. But in the case of the three well-known painters we have named, their practice, as seen in the pictures before us, is opposed to the theory that the colors of nature should be represented as nearly as possible as we see them. That theory seems to us absolutely correct; and practice according to it seems to us the only true and complete pictorial art, all other being partial and confessedly imperfect. There is much good art that is not colored at all, but in light and shade

simply; there is some good art that is in few and pale colors; but these are, as we have said, necessarily partial and imperfect. Large oil pictures are generally supposed, by a sort of prescriptive right they have, to be of full and elaborated truth of color. If they are not, we think the spectator has a right to ask each picture to show cause why it is not. No picture, of course, can have the absolute colors of nature in all their brilliancy and force. Titian loses sunlight to get glowing and splendid harmony. Turner abandons actual truth of local color to get the large relations of part with part. We will accept and approve any picture's greyness or paleness or sombreness if it can be seen or shown that there is something gained by the sacrifice. But that is probably not the case with the pictures we are considering.

Mr. Bierstadt's picture having notice below, we go on to speak of the others, fully conscious of the strangeness of an article devoted wholly to question of color, but *apropos* of three works so deficient in that quality. Mr. Kensett's picture embodies, we think, that gentle and somewhat pensive love of nature which is wholly sincere, wholly estimable, and, we may add, wholly modern. There is some influence over us which makes half the people dislike bright colors, and nearly the other half dread them, and dread to show any love of them, thinking it childish or savage. Soft and neutral colors please the latter class; white, as cold and harsh as it can be made, the former. The people who like the "simplicity" of our newest and costliest buildings, white marble or white painted iron without, white plaster within, do not come to the picture galleries at all, or, when they come, see nothing in a painting which they like as well as a drawing in black and white. The other class come, and very much admire and somewhat love the Kensetts; but are disturbed and somewhat offended by such work as the Rossetti drawings of last fall. Now, if work in full color fails in harmony, such work as Mr. Kensett's, being truly harmonious, is just so far superior to it. But the great and truly admirable result is when diverse and brilliant colors are made harmonious by their gradation, and by opposition of one to another. No softness or purity gained by denying of bright color can equal that which comes of its fullest recognition.

In Mr. Huntington's picture there is color which is absolutely wrong. It is cold, subdued with black for shadow, the greens reduced to something worse than grey; the reds to something harsher than brown. The reflections in the water are apparently painted according to the assumption that rocks and trees are black, and that water has no color, but only an imperfect reflective power. For colored things seen in even a black mirror will be not black, but of their own colors curiously modified: and black things seen in a colored mirror are generally not black either. By "black" we mean not merely black paint upon the canvas, but the representation of a black thing; as the portrait of a black coat will have many hues in it. Mr. Huntington's whole system of color, not agreeable or ennobling when applied to portraits, becomes very disagreeable when applied to landscape. In the picture before us we point out no especial faults, believing it to be in this important respect wholly untrue and inartistic.

### "THE DOMES OF THE YO SEMITE"

It has become such a matter of course now for Mr. Bierstadt to paint large pictures and have them exhibited, that people expect them to be criticised or rather praised if any are. Certainly if size calls for notice, these pictures ought not to be passed by. And, if that be the case, there is still louder call for notice of the scenery in our theatres; for surely much of it is far more agreeable in color, and far more truthful in naturalness of effect—and effect is all that these huge pictures ever pretend to.

If we have effects painted (and of course we do not object to that), why not paint us such things as nature is effective in? Why not give us her freshness and joyousness of color, her purity under the light of the heaven? Why not remind us of the fulness of her treasure, of the baffling mystery of her mountains whenever the sunlight, the cloud-shadow, and the mist play upon them, and of the infinite of her heavens? These pictures, not large in any such way, but only in scale—yet pictures of effects and not of simple unaided realities—not giving any of these things, cannot satisfy the soul that loves them. An effect in nature is that which draws all her various details to unity. Sunshine will do it, atmosphere will do it, mists and shadows will do it, and an ordering of parts and happy falling of lines will do it; but if the beauty of none of these, be given what can our effects be worth?

Better paint the simplest object in its verity and own quiet beauty. Indeed, if a man do not love a thing for itself, he cannot love it rightly in its congregation with others. We must love a tree before we can love a forest; we must love a man before we love humanity.

This last picture of Mr. Bierstadt's seems to be better than any he has

shown us before. More than "seems to be" can hardly be said; for when a picture is shaded, and set back, and contrasted with dim surroundings, and fenced about, not much more than seeming is left. Its general hue is not so disagreeable and unwholesome as that of the first Rocky Mountain picture was. The greys are more pleasant, and there is not so much of a certain, or rather, uncertain, thick brownness about the darker parts. The rocks and waterfall on the left even approach color. There is not so much crowding of big things in the canvas, and the lines are more simple and agreeable. And there is not so much disorder of foreground, men and horses and tents scattered about, uneasy under their pictorial responsibilities. These things, of course, are great gains, and they persuade people at first to believe the picture better than it proves on further looking.

Really, the dim indecision and coarse painting of the middle distance do not fairly represent atmosphere; and the confusion of greater light in the distance does not fairly represent sunshine. The rocks are not rocks enjoyable for their hardness, or any other rocky quality, and the water does not fall in a way to rejoice the heart of one who has watched real water falling. The small hill near the right of the foreground is in shadow, but the sunshine does not seem to make its appearance again before we come to the trees on the left, which must be supposed to be in it, for they have dim streaks of darkness reaching from their trunks away from the sun's direction.

Nature's lover knows that there is beauty and enjoyment in all her truths; and he would rather have one day in her courts than a thousand of the pleasures of picturesque sin.

## Correspondence.

### SCHOOL AND COLLEGE REFORM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

It seems to me that the views of your correspondent "W. P. A." in regard to the training required of the entering classes at Harvard College, as published in THE NATION of May 2, are thoroughly unsound. And presumptuous as it may seem to question in such a matter the opinions of one whose name justly carries a weight of authority with it, I shall briefly review the ground taken by your correspondent.

"W. P. A." thinks that the entrance examination at Harvard has been brought to a high pitch of absurdity; and that "a young man of seventeen must be possessed of an amount of minute information which should only be required of an advanced student of the Greek and Latin languages." He also says that, "unable to conform to the spirit of the requisitions, and yet compelled to conform to their letter, teachers are forced to *cram* their pupils."

Now I believe that, if anything, the entrance examination at Harvard is too easy instead of too difficult, and that when it is made still harder, parents and teachers will see the absurdity of their own conduct in forcing immature boys of sixteen and seventeen into the college classes, who still ought to be at school. The principal reason that the preparatory training for college is found so difficult, is that boys and their teachers too often try to do in three years what ought to be the work of five. I acknowledge that the standard of admission at Harvard is raised higher every year, and in that fact I see a rare instance of good sense in the conduct of the college government. This increasing difficulty of admission is having a gradual but most salutary effect—a very marked effect, if we observe the average age of classes for the few last years. The class of 1866 averaged eighteen years and one month at admission, and the two or three following classes nearly the same. That boys in America are inclined to enter college too young, few will deny; and I have the authority of an ex-president of Harvard for saying that one, at least, of the objects aimed at in raising the standard of admission at Cambridge has been to increase the average age of those applying.

Now let us consider whether the preparatory training in Latin and Greek of which "W. P. A." complains is useless in itself. It would be superfluous to argue in favor of accurate beginnings in classical study, and the question is whether the entrance examination papers at Harvard contain more than the very smallest per-centum of questions which "W. P. A.'s" "intelligent school-boy" has a right to waive. From a pretty extensive acquaintance with Harvard papers, I hazard the assertion that as a rule they contain nothing which any boy who can read Virgil or Cicero intelligently should be unable to answer.

If a pedant at the head of a certain public school chooses to waste the

time and burden the memory of his pupils with lists of the forty digrammated verbs and Latin adjectives that want the superlative, that is his fault. Such absurdities are not required, as every well-informed teacher knows.

I believe that too little, instead of too much, grammatical knowledge is demanded on admission at Cambridge, and for this reason: that at present the whole of the Freshman year *must* be spent in grammatical drill. The instructors have not the time, granting them the disposition, to dwell upon the higher beauties of the Greek and Latin authors read, and their pupils are certainly unable to appreciate those beauties without a long preparatory course in those minutiae which ought to have been learned at school, and which are the foundation of the edifice of which "W. P. A." seems to consider them the capstone.

I have thus far taken the ground that the grammatical knowledge of a dead language is the only ground-work for its appreciative study; but even if we adopt the other view of the matter, and grant that a wide range of classical reading should precede the study of grammatical forms, the strictures of "W. P. A." seem equally unreasonable. For it appears to be the amount, even more than the *kind* of work required, to which he objects. He agrees with Dr. Taylor, that "the mere amount of classical reading required is largely in excess of what ought to be expected of young men of seventeen."

Now, observing in passing that the average age at entering is not seventeen but eighteen, and that a long year's time makes much difference in the amount of reading that can justly be required, I confess myself unable to see how that amount could be materially lessened and leave anything.

The books at present required are—in Latin, Caesar's "Commentaries," Virgil's "Bucolica" and "Æneid," and some eight or ten of Cicero's orations; in Greek, the "Anabasis" of Xenophon and three books of the "Iliad." Would "W. P. A." bring back the time when to enter Harvard it was only required that the student should be "able to construe Tully or some other Latin author, and to decline and conjugate the paradigms of the Greek grammar?"

Perhaps even less than this would satisfy him, for he sneers at the years "set apart for declining and conjugating Greek words." Perhaps he would devote those years to the mastery of the problems and calibrating machines of Cooke's "Chemical Physics," and to learning from the same book what kind of glass is best for test-tubes and what is the proper shape for retorts.

No one is more fully persuaded than the writer of the existing necessity for college reform, but one of the first steps toward making Harvard a university must be to increase the age of its students, so that for the first two years the instructors may not be obliged to treat their pupils as school-boys; and next, to require, *in addition* to the examinations in Greek and Latin, some knowledge of history and science. But to attempt to leave the "declining and conjugating of Greek words" and the outlines of Latin grammar—for the "cumbrous text-books now in use" teach nothing more—till after the student has acquired a critical and appreciative knowledge of those languages, seems to me very like putting straw into the bricks after they are dried.

H. F. B.

LANCASTER, MASS., May 6.

### TARIFF ON BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

A press of occupation has thrown me somewhat in arrears with my periodical reading, and I have therefore only just now seen, in THE NATION of April 4, a letter signed "Veritas," in answer to mine of March 21 on the proposed book-tariff. The signature, if I remember rightly, is that of a gentleman who in a former communication actually added the gold-premium in order to find out the percentage of an *ad valorem* rate, and his last letter affords another instance of the vagueness of ideas common among those whose interest lies in trying to persuade the public that all our manufacturing should be done abroad and all our taxes should be levied at home.

"Veritas," it seems, accuses me of calculating on certain books in foreign languages the duty at 10 cents per lb., when, according to him, they would be subject under the proposed tariff to 25 cents. I presume that no sane man would intentionally make so palpable a misrepresentation as this, and I must therefore conclude that either "Veritas" is not aware that the "Bibliothèque Charpentier" is French, and the Abbé Migne's publications are French, Latin, and Greek, or else that he has not looked at the tariff project which he undertakes to criticise, and consequently does not know that it rates all books in foreign languages not reprinted here at 10 cents per lb., irrespective of date.

Having disposed of this, allow me to allude to an article in your last



number, "The Genial Critic," and to thank you for the service which THE NATION is doing by the elevated and discriminating tone of its criticism. I think that almost all publishers would gladly see the review department of our periodical literature conducted with the same care and ability that mark the better class of the English journals. Of course, no one is especially gratified to see the condemnation of any individual book in which his capital is invested, but we all recognize that praise to be valuable must not be indiscriminate; and editors may safely rely upon the fact that the pressure on their advertising columns is regulated by the extent and character

of their circulation. As far as my experience goes, however, I think that perhaps your deductions in the article referred to are a little too general, and that to a great extent the laudatory tone of our literary criticism may fairly be attributed not so much to interested motives as to good-natured indulgence. The man who deals in vague praise is always safe, while he who undertakes to criticise must have some preliminary familiarity with the subject and must take the pains to form some acquaintance with the book.

Very respectfully, etc.,

A PUBLISHER.

## NEW BOOKS.

**BANKRUPTCY AND INSOLVENCY.** By FRANCIS HILLIARD. Second Edition. Embracing the Bankrupt Act of 1867. 1 vol. 8vo, law sheep, price \$5.

**INTESTINAL OBSTRUCTION.** By WILLIAM BRINTON, M.D., F.R.S. Edited by Thomas Buzzard, M.D., Lond. Illustrated. 1 vol. 12mo, price \$1 50.

**SORGHUM AND ITS PRODUCTS.** An Account of Recent Investigations concerning the Value of Sorghum in Sugar Production, together with a Description of a New Method of Making Sugar and Refined Syrup from this plant, adapted to common use. By F. L. STEWART. 1 vol. 12mo, neat cloth, price \$1 50.

**HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.** Prepared and arranged from Original Papers, together with the Constitution, Decisions, Resolutions, and Forms of the R. E. Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania. By ALFRED CREIGH, LL.D., K.T. 33°. 1 vol. 12mo, extra cloth, price \$2 50.

**WITH GENERAL SHERIDAN IN LEE'S LAST CAMPAIGN.** By a STAFF OFFICER. Illustrated with a steel portrait of General Sheridan and a Map of the Campaigns. 12mo, cloth, price \$1 75.

**PEACE, AND OTHER POEMS.** By JOHN J. WHITE. 1 vol. small 12mo, extra cloth, \$1 50.

**AN ESSAY ON THE STEAM BOILER.** By JOSEPH HARRISON, JR., M.E. Liberally illustrated. 16mo, extra cloth, \$1 50.

IN PRESS.

**COMING WONDERS, EXPECTED BETWEEN 1867 and 1875.** By the Rev. M. BAXTER, author of "The Coming Battle." 1 vol. 12mo.

For Sale by Booksellers generally, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

PUBLISHED BY

**J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,**  
Philadelphia.

## GREATLY ENLARGED.

### LITTELL'S LIVING AGE

For the week ending May 11 will be greatly enlarged to admit a translation of a much admired article on

**"THE VICTORY OF THE NORTH IN THE UNITED STATES."**

By COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT, of the French Academy, with a sketch of the author.

In the same number a very interesting story, by NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., editor of "Good Words," and one of her Majesty's Chaplains, entitled

**"THE STARLING,"**

will be begun, making it an excellent number with which to commence subscriptions.

Besides the above, the number will contain the following: Charles Lamb: Gleanings after his Biographers—Gallios—Mr. Darwin at the Antipodes—More About the Queen's English, by the Dean of Canterbury—Barton's History of Scotland—The Diamond Necklace—Sale of Russian America to the United States—Gang Labor in the Fen Country—The Magnolia—Taxes on Sixteen Thousand Articles—and Poetry and Miscellaneous Paragraphs.

THE LIVING AGE is published every Saturday. For sale by the Booksellers. Sent, postage paid, for \$3 a year, by

**LITTELL & GAY,**

30 Bromfield Street, Boston.

Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 18 cents.

### A Gentleman, a Doctor of Philosophy,

who speaks French and German, proposes to spend two or three years in Europe for the purpose of study, principally in Berlin, and will take two Pupils who may be well recommended. He intends to pass the summer near Geneva. He refers to President Woolsey, of Yale College, and Professor Drisler, of Columbia College.

Address

J. A., P. O. Box 1436, N. Y.

## FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

Edited by BAYARD TAYLOR \$1 75.

### KING RENE'S DAUGHTER.

Translated by THEODORE MARTIN. \$1 25.

### THE JOURNAL OF MAURICE DE GUERIN. \$1 25.

### THE HUGUENOT GALLEY-SLAVE. \$1 50.

Copies by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

**LEYPOLDT & HOLT, Publishers,**  
451 Broome Street, N. Y.

## A CURIOSITY IN LITERATURE.

JUST PUBLISHED:

### Rock me to Sleep, Mother.

With a vindication of the claim of ALEXANDER M. W. BALL to the Authorship of this Poem.

By O. A. MORSE.

With an Introductory Note from LUTHER R. MARSH.

One vol. demi 8vo.

**M. W. DODD,**

506 Broadway.

NOW READY.

### THE ADVENTURES OF Sir Lyon Bouse, Baronet, IN AMERICA DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

BEING EXTRACTS FROM HIS DIARY.

By the Author of "The New Gospel of Peace."  
Neat pamphlet, 64 pages, price 25 cents.

**THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,**  
AGENTS,  
New York.

### DAVID C. FRANCIS

(FORMERLY C. S. FRANCIS & Co.),

DEALER IN NEW AND OLD BOOKS,  
506 BROADWAY (UP STAIRS).

Priced catalogues of books in stock issued from time to time, and will be forwarded free to any address.

Orders for any obtainable books promptly filled.

Binding executed in any style.

**Choice Imported Books for Public and Private Libraries.**—J. W. BOUTON invites the attention of Librarians and Collectors to his extensive and valuable collection of English Books, ancient and modern, embracing the best authors in all departments of literature—History, Biography, Voyages and Travels, Natural History, Poetry and Drama, fine Illustrated Works, etc., all of which are in fine condition, and will be offered at reasonable prices.

J. W. BOUTON, 416 Broome St., N. Y.  
Priced Catalogue gratis on application, or sent to any address on receipt of a stamp to pay postage.

## RARE CHANCE!!

TO BUY THEOLOGICAL AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.

We are adding a Family and Pulpit Bible Department of every price and style.

Be sure and examine our Stock at

145 NASSAU STREET, Room 6,  
37 PARK ROW.

**N. TIBBALS & CO.**

## NEW BOOKS.

### GOULD'S GOOD ENGLISH.

**WIDDLETON, Publisher,**

17 MERCER STREET, N. Y.

**GOOD ENGLISH; or, Popular Errors in Language.** By EDWARD S. GOULD, Author of "Abridgment of Alison's Europe," etc. A handsome 12mo volume, price \$1 50.

### CONINGTON'S ÆNEID.

**THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.** Translated into English verse (Scott's Ballad Metre) by JOHN CONINGTON, M.A., Latin Professor in the University of Oxford. Large, clear type, handsomely printed on toned paper. One volume crown 8vo, bevelled boards, cloth, cut or uncut edges, \$2 50; half calf, \$4.

**PHILIP THE SECOND OF SPAIN.** By CHARLES GAYARRRE, Author of the "History of Louisiana." With an Introductory Letter by GEORGE BANCROFT. An elegant octavo volume, in large, clear (pica) type, on heavy, toned paper. Price, extra cloth, \$3; half calf, \$5.

**FERRIS'S FINANCIAL ECONOMY OF THE UNITED STATES.** 12mo, cloth, 356 pp., \$1 75.

**EDGAR A. POE'S PROSE TALES.** 2 vols. 12mo, each complete, price \$3 25.

These two volumes, each being complete in itself, contain all the Tales comprised in the collected Works of Edgar A. Poe.

**POE'S POEMS.** 12mo, uniform with the Tales, \$2 25.

**ALGER'S FUTURE LIFE.** A New Edition, \$4 50.

**MILMAN'S HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.** A very handsome Library Edition. 3 vols. crown 8vo, cloth, \$8 75.

FOR SALE AT PRINCIPAL BOOKSTORES, and mailed by publisher on receipt of price.

## A THOROUGHLY RELIGIOUS WORK.

### FIRST HISTORICAL TRANSFORMATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

From the French of Aignan Coquerel, the Younger.

BY PROF. E. P. EVANS.

"This small volume traces the various transformations which Christianity has undergone at the hands of its adherents, from the time immediately succeeding the death of Christ to the close of the fourth century. It displays great learning and careful research, and yet avoids all those technicalities and scholastic digressions which render so many church histories incomprehensible and uninteresting to the general reader. . . . No more attractive and persuasive antidote to superstition and ignorance in religious matters has ever been offered to the public."—*Christian Examiner for May.*

1 vol. 16mo, price \$1 50.

For sale by all booksellers, or sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.

**WM. V. SPENCER, Publisher,**  
203 Washington St., Boston.

NOW READY.

MISS STRICKLAND'S

### QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

THE ABRIDGED EDITION OF

Miss Agnes Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England.*

Expressly adapted for Schools and Families by the authoress. In 1 volume 12mo, with portrait, \$2 50.

**SCRIBNER, WELFORD & CO.,**

654 Broadway, New York.

Copies of the above sent post-paid by mail on receipt of price.

## Henry Ward Beecher's Story,

NOW READY IN

## THE NEW YORK LEDGER,

AND

FOR SALE AT ALL THE NEWS OFFICES.

Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand  
Copies Already Sold.

WHAT THE PAPERS SAY ABOUT IT.

From the New York Tribune.

The commencement of the new novel by Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, which appears in *The Ledger* of this week, presents a striking illustration of the versatility of the writer, and the power of his genius to adapt itself to widely different spheres of intellectual action. Still it exhibits many of the qualities which have given him such a brilliant position among the masters of popular eloquence in this country. His mind is essentially dramatic in its character; he throws himself into the situation which he describes; his most vivid conceptions take the form of personality; he falls into dialogue with the freshness and facility of a child; he has no taste for the cold abstractions of thought, but with him all is life, activity, scenic representation, combined with a deep sense of truth, and an earnest sincerity of purpose. To such mental traits, the construction of a novel is almost an instinct of nature. The success of this story, which is entitled "Norwood; or, Village Life in New England," may be regarded as a foregone conclusion. It opens in a style of almost homely simplicity and directness, but of great vigor of expression and variety of illustration. The characters at once gain the interest of the reader, and their artless history, if carried on as it has been commenced, will afford a rare opportunity of weekly pleasure.

From *The Commercial Advertiser*.

THE LEDGER.—Mr. Bonner's *Ledger* for May 15th lies before us. Its most noticeable feature is the opening chapters of Henry Ward Beecher's novel, entitled "Norwood; or, Village Life in New England." This novel is written expressly for *The Ledger*, and places Mr. Beecher in a decidedly new rôle before the public. Another article is by Dr. Hill, President of Harvard College. "On the Study of Mathematics." This is the first of twelve articles, by twelve college Presidents, under the heading of "Advice to Young Men." Mr. F. S. Cozzens turns in an article on "Russian America," and Mr. James Parton one on "Queen Elizabeth." Mrs. Southworth's novel is continued. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., continues his "Scraps of Adventure." *The Ledger*, in spite of all rivalry, holds the front rank in the class of journals to which it belongs. Mr. Bonner is an enterprising publisher, and pays liberally for all the matter he uses. He shows a wonderful tact in selecting writers and topics for his paper.

From *The World*.

Bonner's *Ledger* is gorgeous. Beecher begins his novel "Norwood," which unquestionably will be better than his sermons, or his lectures, or his stump speeches—in better, we say. President Hill, of Harvard, writes sensible advice to young men; Saxé sharpens his quill to new epigrams; Cozzens writes of Sitka, and Parton of Queen Elizabeth; Mrs. Southworth, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Fanny Fern, Alice Cary, and Wallace all write for it.

From the New York Daily Times.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.—Mr. Beecher's novel is commenced in this week's issue of the New York *Ledger*. It is written with his accustomed directness and vigor of style, and gives promise in its opening chapters of a very interesting contribution to current American literature. *The Ledger* has several other novel and striking features, and is marked by the enterprise and originality characteristic of its editor and proprietor.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S NEW STORY.—Mr. Bonner, having popularized his New York *Ledger* by filling it with matter attractive to the masses, then took to popularizing the writings of superior men and sound thinkers, whose works had not previously reached the great body of the people. This was a good work well done. It is to be further continued, and the number for the 18th of May comes to us in advance with the first four chapters of Henry Ward Beecher's story, entitled "Norwood; or, Village Life in New England." It opens with the fine promise of being a story of deep interest, and one that will be sure to afford both diversion and instruction to the readers of *The Ledger*. There is in the same number, in addition to the usual variety of interesting matter, the first of a series of papers of "Advice to Young Men," contributed by the Presidents of twelve of the principal colleges of the United States.

From the Philadelphia Press.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.—"Norwood; or, Village Life in New England," is the title of the new story which Mr. Beecher has written for the New York *Ledger*. We may safely predict that there will be the most general and intense desire to see how Mr. Beecher, so great in the pulpit and on the platform, will distinguish himself in prose action.

## NO INTELLIGENT FAMILY.

should be without the whole or part of the WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON IRVING, of whom Bryant prophesied a "deathless renown."

Complete sets, or separate series, or single volumes, from 75 cts. to \$270. Send for price list.

G. P. PUTNAM &amp; SON,

661 BROADWAY.

## EAGLESWOOD MILITARY ACADEMY,

PERTH AMBOY, NEW JERSEY.

Principal—F. N. KNAPP, A.M.

Military Superintendent—Colonel J. D. SLOCUM.

MARCUS SPRING, Proprietor,

21 Park Place, New York.

STEPHEN CROWELL, Pres't. EDGAR W. CROWELL,  
Vice-Pres't. PHILANDER SHAW, Sec'y.

## Phenix Insurance Company.

OFFICES: 139 BROADWAY, N. Y.  
1 COURT ST., Brooklyn.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000 00

Assets, Dec. 1, 1866.....\$1,635,932 69

Ensures against Loss by Marine and Fire. Also, Lake, Canal, and Inland Transportation.

CHAUNCEY BEDELL, Manager Marine Dep't.

## DIRECTORS:

Stephen Crowell, Jeremiah V. Spader  
A. V. Stout, Edward E. Low,  
J. D. Ingersoll, Samuel W. Burtis,  
Henry Collins, Daniel F. Fernald,  
John M. Hicks, Nathaniel Putnam,  
I. H. Frothingham, John C. Cole,  
George W. Bergen, Edwin T. Rice,  
Charles C. Betts, Edgar W. Crowell,  
Jas. S. Rockwell, Daniel Ayres,  
Alvin C. Bradley, Harold Dohner,  
Gustav Schwab, Isaac Brinkerhof,  
Edwin Beers, William P. Beale,  
Ethelbert S. Mills, Thos. H. Rodman,  
Ezra Baldwin, Wm. B. Kendall,  
Nathan T. Beers, James H. Kimore,  
Joshua Atkins, Jr., Ben. F. Wardwell,  
Augustus Studwell, A. B. England,  
Gilbert Sayres, Daniel H. Gregory,  
William A. Budd, Rufus R. Graves,  
William M. Vail,

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY,  
OF HARTFORD.

Capital, \$3,000,000

Incorporated in 1816.

LOSSES PAID IN 46 YEARS.....\$17,485,894 00

J. GOODNOW, Secretary.

L. J. HENDEE, President.

Assets January 1, 1866, \$4,067,455 80

Claims not due and unadjusted,.....\$344,391 00

Persons desiring ample security against loss and damage by fire may obtain policies at fair rates.

NEW YORK AGENCY, 62 WALL STREET.

Losses promptly adjusted and paid by

JAS. A. ALEXANDER, Agent.

NIAGARA  
FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OFFICE, 12 WALL STREET.

CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO \$1,000,000

SURPLUS, JULY 1, 1866, 300,000

Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.

CHARTERED 1850.

Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 248 per cent.

JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.

P. NOTMAN, Secretary.

## CIRCULAR NOTES

AND

LETTERS OF CREDIT,

FOR THE USE OF

## TRAVELLERS,

AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD,

ISSUED BY

DUNCAN, SHERMAN &amp; CO.,

NEW YORK.

Russell Sturgis, Jr.,

## ARCHITECT,

98 Broadway, New York.

Vaux, Withers &amp; Co.,

## ARCHITECTS,

110 Broadway.

## ROBERT MORRIS COPELAND,

LANDSCAPE GARDENER,

Author of "Country Life," furnishes plans and advice for laying out public and private grounds. Refers to John M. Forbes, Nathaniel Thayer, Boston, Mass.; Rufus Waterman, Providence, R. I.; Francis G. Shaw, Staten Island; R. S. Fields, Princeton, N. J.

41 Barristers' Hall, Boston, Mass.

Olmsted, Vaux &amp; Co.,

## LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS.

The undersigned have associated under the above title for the business of advising on all matters of location, and of furnishing Designs and Superintendence for Buildings and Grounds and other Architectural and Engineering Works, including the Laying-out of Towns, Villages, Parks, Cemeteries, and Gardens.

FRED. LAW OL MSTED,  
CALVERT VAUX,  
FRED'K C. WITHERS.

110 Broadway,  
New York, January 1, 1866.

## BROWN BROTHERS &amp; CO.,

59 WALL ST.,

ISSUE COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELLERS' CREDITS

FOR USE IN

THIS COUNTRY AND ABROAD.

## S. G. &amp; C. C. WARD,

AGENTS FOR

BARING BROTHERS &amp; COMPANY,

56 Wall Street, New York,

28 State Street, Boston.

## Insurance Scrip.

WILLIAM C. GILMAN,

46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,

BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.

## CHARLES W. THOMAS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

BELLEVILLE, ILL.

Legal Business in Southern Illinois promptly transacted. References given.  
Belleville, Ill., offers inducements to manufacturers. Land donated. Coal plenty.  
Address CHAS. W. THOMAS, Sec. Board of Trade.



**T. C. SELLEW,**

MANUFACTURER OF

**DESKS**

AND OFFICE FURNITURE,

107 FULTON ST., near Nassau St., N. Y.

LIBRARY AND SCHOOL FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.

**Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens**

OF THE OLD STANDARD QUALITY.

TRADE MARK—

**Joseph  
Gillott,  
Warranted.**

or Descriptive Name and Designating Number.

New Series, Good and Cheap, from No. 700 to No. 761.

TRADE MARK—**Joseph  
Gillott,  
Birmingham.** With  
Designating  
Numbers.For sale by  
**JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,**  
91 John Street, New York.  
**HENRY OWEN,** Sole Agent.**DECKER BROTHERS'**

PATENT PLATE PIANO-FORTES.

The public and the patrons of the well-known Decker Pianos are cautioned against buying any piano purporting to be a Decker Brothers' Piano which does not have in raised letters, on the Iron Plate at the left side, the words,

**DECKER BROTHERS' PATENT, JUNE, 1863.**

The Decker Brothers Piano is sold at

91 BLEECKER STREET ONLY,

and at no other place in this Street or in New York City.

**WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,**

625 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

MAKE THE

**LOCK-STITCH,**and rank highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching, when done, and the wide range of its application.—*Report of American Institute.***FLORENCE****Reversible Feed Lock-Stitch  
Sewing Machines.**

BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

FLORENCE S. M. CO.,

505 Broadway, N. Y.

**DECKER & CO.,****New Scale Ivory Agraffe Bar****PIANO-FORTES,**

419 BROOME STREET, East of Broadway, N. Y.

These Pianos stand unrivalled in regard to their singing quality; volume and purity of tone; sympathetic, elastic, and even touch; and durability of construction.

**A NEW FEATURE IN REED INSTRUMENTS.****"ESTEY'S" ORGANS,**

WITH VOX HUMANA STOP,

Pronounced by the profession and people generally the most beautiful and natural imitation of the

**HUMAN VOICE**

ever yet introduced.

They are strongly endorsed by Geo. W. Morgan, Wm. A. King, Chas. Fradel, and many others, the highest musical authority in the United States.

Good Agents wanted everywhere.

Send for illustrated catalogue or call at the New Ware-rooms.

**GEO. G. SAXE & CO.,**

417 Broome Street, N. Y.

**FREEMAN & BURR.****MEN'S AND BOYS'****CLOTHING,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

<b>BUSINESS SUITS,</b>	<b>\$15 to \$40.</b>
<b>DRESS SUITS,</b>	<b>\$25 to \$50.</b>
<b>BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS,</b>	<b>\$5 to \$25.</b>
<b>SPRING OVERCOATS,</b>	<b>\$8 to \$20.</b>

ALSO, LARGE STOCK OF FINE

**CLOTHS, COATINGS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS,**

FOR CUSTOM WORK AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES.

**124 FULTON & 90 NASSAU STREETS,**

CORNER OPPOSITE SUN BUILDING.

**UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

Assets, - - - - - \$2,188,429 20

NEW YORK OFFICE, 151 BROADWAY.

**J. W. & H. JUDD, General Agents for New York.**

Active and efficient Agents wanted in all the Cities and large Towns in the healthy portions of the United States and British Provinces. To such, a liberal commission will be paid.

LIST OF LOSSES PAID ON MEMBERS WHO HAVE DIED DURING THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1866.

AGE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.	AMOUNT INSURED.
39	Joseph A. Southard,	Richmond, Me.,	Ship Master,	\$2,000
22	Evander O. Tozier,	Boston, Mass.,	Tailor,	2,150
35	Chas. S. Stephenson,	New York, N. Y.,	Ship Broker,	2,000
25	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	5,000
37	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	2,500
36	Thomas J. Willard,	Portland, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
23	Edwin H. Rand,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
40	Thomas S. Foster,	Gardiner, Me.,	Merchant Tailor,	2,000
34	Eden P. Foster,	Jackson, Mich.,	Jeweller,	2,100
34	Calvin M. Burbank,	Lawrence, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
51	John W. Crafts,	South Boston, Mass.,	Provision Dealer,	10,000
33	Samuel W. Bliss,	Boston, Mass.,	Fruit Dealer,	2,000
35	Richard Tuttle,	Chicago, Ill.,	Provision Merchant,	2,000
47	Francis Winter,	New York, N. Y.,	Lock Manufacturer,	3,000
31	D. B. Cunningham,	New York, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000
41	Robert N. Corning,	Concord, N. H.,	Railroad Contractor,	2,000
57	Saml. M. Candler,	Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Custom House Clerk,	2,500
40	Charles Lins,	Ashland, Pa.,	Druggist,	3,000
27	Francis Fischer,	Louisville, Ky.,	Hatter,	5,000
26	Zeno Kelly,	West Barnstable, Mass.,	Master Mariner,	1,500
42	Julius Heimann,	New York, N. Y.,	Carriage Maker,	2,000
49	George Draper,	New York, N. Y.,	Clothing Merchant,	2,000
26	Philaander M. Chase,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Milkman,	2,000
43	Henry Fishback,	Carlville, Ill.,	Merchant,	3,000
22	A. C. Sutherland,	Detroit, Mich.,	Book-keeper,	1,500
39	Charles E. Poole,	Pittston, Pa.,	Coal Agent,	2,500
37	Emanuel W. Mace,	Chicago, Ill.,	Cigar Manufacturer,	2,000
37	Robert Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Stone Cutter,	2,000
30	Ellen Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Wife,	2,000
35	Robert H. Howe,	St. Louis, Mo.,	Agent,	5,000
19	George H. Dunlap,	Brunswick, Me.,	Gentleman,	10,000
49	Thomas W. Hamis,	Boston, Mass.,	Merchant,	5,000
38	Issachai H. Brown,	Troy, N. Y.,	Druggist,	1,500
27	Zelotes W. Knowles,	Addison, Me.,	Master Mariner,	2,000
62	Lewis Wm. H. Giese,	Baltimore, Md.,	Merchant,	4,000
30	Eliakim W. Ford,	Albany, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000

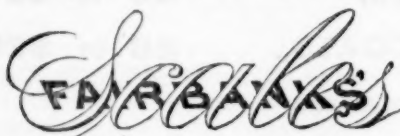


## SCALES.

These Scales have been manufactured by the original inventors for nearly forty years, and are now

### THE ACKNOWLEDGED STANDARD.

throughout the country. Dealers in articles bought and sold by weight cannot afford to use any other than



Catalogues, with cuts and descriptions, furnished on application to

**FAIRBANKS & CO.,**

252 Broadway, New York.

**BRAMHALL, DEANE & CO.,**

Manufacturers of

### HARRISON'S IMPROVED COOKING RANGES.

Also,

### IMPROVED FRENCH RANGES,

OF ALL SIZES,

FOR HOTELS AND FAMILIES.

247 and 249 Water Street, New York.

### EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL

AT

### OVINGTON BROTHERS.

We invite special attention to our very extensive assortment of fine Paris goods, including Marble, Bronze, and Gilt Clocks; Parian, Bisque, and Bronze Statuettes and Groups; Vases, Jardinières, Coupe, etc., etc.; Decorated Dinner, Tea, and Toilet Sets of choice patterns.

Our assortment is always full in White French China and Parisian Granite of the best quality, Cut Glass, Silver-plated Goods, etc.; all of which we offer at low prices.

236, 238, and 240 Fulton Street,  
Brooklyn.

### MARVIN'S

ALUM AND DRY PLASTER



MARVIN & CO.

Principal Warehouses: 265 Broadway, New York.  
721 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Nothing Succeeds like Success.



#### EXECUTIVE BOARD:

Hon. VICTOR M. RICE, PRESIDENT.  
A. N. GUNN, M.D., SURGEON IN CHIEF.  
T. S. LAMBERT, M.D., AGENT IN CHIEF (Vice-Pres.)  
B. F. BANCROFT, Esq., TREASURER.

J. PIERPONT, SECRETARY.  
Prof. JOHN PATERSON, ADVISORY ACTUARY.  
GEORGE BLISS, JR., COUNSELLOR.  
Prof. ALONZO CLARK, } CONSULTING SURGEONS.  
Prof. AUSTIN FLINT, }  
Prof. ALFRED C. POST, }

#### DIRECTORS:

Hon. E. D. Morgan, Edward B. Bulkley,  
Hon. Horatio Seymour, Justus O. Woods,  
Hon. H. H. Van Dyck, J. W. Bradley,  
Hon. Nathaniel Wheeler, Jas. Cruikshank,  
Hon. Erastus Brooks, John H. French, LL.D.,  
Hon. Wm. T. Coleman, Henry Salisbury,  
Hon. V. M. Rice, George L. Bulkley,  
A. N. Gunn, M.D., John F. Trow,  
T. S. Lambert, M.D., Emerson W. Keyes,  
B. F. Bancroft, Wm. H. Wood,  
Charles H. Frost, George Bliss, Jr.

Of this Company, Mr. Erastus Brooks, one of its Stockholders and Directors, writes in *The Express*, of which he is one of the editors:

"The American Popular Life Insurance Company held its first annual meeting a few days since. The business of the first six months has been very successful, and has been conducted upon the safest and most economical business principles, alike for the stockholders and parties insured. There are some plans in the organization of this Company genuine in their character, which make it well worth general investigation, and which the officers specially invite."

*Extra Lives are rated down, and save money in this Company.*

We desire to call attention to the following

#### FEATURES:

Policies non-forfeitable after first payment.

Policies incontestable after death.

Paid-up Policies always obtainable.

Lowest rates for the best lives.

A provision for old age is made by annual cash Dividends after the "expectation" age is reached.

Payments can be made Annually, Weekly, Monthly, Quarterly, or Semi-annually.

No extra charge for travelling, except in Tropics and near Gulf of Mexico.

The Company has a Mutual Department.

The Company issues a new kind of Policy for Young Girls.

The Company will ensure any one.

CALL OR WRITE FOR OUR NEW CIRCULAR.

It is the simplest treatise on Life Insurance ever offered to the Public.

## THE SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

UNDER SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THIS STATE FOR THE

### SAFE KEEPING OF VALUABLES,

Government Bonds, Coin, Silver Plate, Jewellery, Wills during life of maker, Cash Boxes, and any Securities or Valuable Papers. Also for

### RENTING SMALL SAFES,

On satisfactory introduction,

AT \$20 TO \$45 PER ANNUM,

Lessee having exclusive access, and only singly, and then only with safe-keeper,

IN ITS

### BURGLAR-PROOF VAULTS,

UNDER ARMED WATCH DAY AND NIGHT.

Private desks for lessees—Separate apartment for Ladies

IN THE

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF BUILDING,

142 & 146 Broadway,

Corner LIBERTY STREET.

FRANCIS H. JENKS, President.

FRED K. FOSTER, Secretary.



FIRST PREMIUM

### ELASTIC STITCH AND LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINES,

495 Broadway, New York.

## STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

## PIANO-FORTES

HAVE TAKEN

Thirty-five FIRST PREMIUMS at the principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and also were awarded a FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, in competition with 200 Pianos from all parts of the world.

That the great superiority of these instruments is now universally conceded is proved by the FACT that Messrs. STEINWAY'S Scales, Improvements, and peculiarities of construction have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both hemispheres (as closely as could be done without infringement on patent rights), and that their instruments are used by the most eminent Pianists of Europe and America, who prefer them for their own public and private use whenever accessible.

Every Piano is constructed with their Patent Agraffe Arrangement, applied directly to the Full Iron Frame.

STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their newly-invented UPRIGHT PIANOS, with their Patent Resonator and Double Iron Frame, patented June 5, 1866.

This invention consists in providing the instrument (in addition to the iron frame in FRONT of the sound-board) with an iron brace frame in the REAR of it, both frames being cast in ONE PIECE, thereby imparting a solidity of construction and capacity of standing in tune never before attained in that class of instrument.

The sound-board is supported between the two frames by an apparatus regulating its tension, so that the greatest possible degree of sound-producing capacity is obtained and regulated to the nicest desirable point.

The great volume and exquisite quality of tone, as well as elasticity and promptness of action, of these new Upright Pianos, have elicited the unqualified admiration of the musical profession and all who have heard them.

STEINWAY & SONS confidently offer these beautiful instruments to the public, and invite every lover of music to call and examine them.

WAREHOUSES:

FIRST FLOOR OF STEINWAY HALL,

71 AND 73 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,

Between Fourth Avenue and Irving Place, New York.



